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PLANNING AND POLICY

THE Trades Union Congress and the Federation of British Industries have now both responded to the Government's invitation that they should express their considered views on the "Economic Survey for 1947." To suggest, as some newspapers have done, that there is almost complete unanimity of opinion between these two bodies is somewhat misleading. The T.U.C., for instance, would not endorse the F.B.I.'s attitude in calling for a reduction in direct taxation as an incentive to enterprise, for higher indirect taxation and a reversal of the cheap money policy as steps towards "disinflation," and for increased reliance, as soon as conditions permit, on price mechanism as an economic regulator. Moreover, it is impossible to judge how far the two organisations would in fact see eye to eye on the question of wage policy and the distribution of manpower. On this issue the F.B.I. is silent, on the ground that it is primarily the concern of the Employers' Confederation, while the T.U.C. is evidently disinclined to depart from the principle that negotiations on wages and working conditions are the province of individual Unions. So far as hours of work are concerned, it confines itself to recording negatively its opposition to making shorter hours depend on increased output—a condition which, in its opinion, "sets an impossible standard."

With these reservations, however, there is a substantial amount of agreement between the two organisations. Both express the view that the coal target of 200 million tons is too low and should be increased by at least 20 million tons if full, and therefore efficient, employment of industry is to be maintained. Both emphasise that priority should be given to the improvement of rail transport and the rapid expansion of electrical generating capacity. Both call for reconsideration of the present allocation of coal-cutting and other machinery for export. The F.B.I., whose positive proposals are more detailed and specific than those of the T.U.C., recommends that every effort be made to secure imports this year of 10 million tons of coal and, if possible, of power-station equipment from Germany. So long as the existing shortage of coal and power supplies exists, the F.B.I.—once again more forthright than the T.U.C.—comes out strongly for a system of definite priorities. "It is essential," it declares, "to ensure continuity of supply to vital production, even if this means reducing other production to lower levels of activity."

In short, the F.B.I. and, more cautiously, the T.U.C. are at one in urging the Government not to be content with a plan which does little more than ration scarcities, but to formulate a policy designed to make good shortages by concentrating resources in vital directions. Can the appointment of Sir Edwin Plowden as head of the Economic Planning Staff be regarded as the first step towards the framing of such a policy? Doubts arise. Sir Edwin will have access to all Ministries, and is to act as a co-ordinator in the economic field; but he cannot have executive powers and will be, it would seem, in much the same position as other experts whose advice the Government has hitherto enjoyed. The responsibility for policy must remain with Ministers, and there is no sign that a Minister with the special authority of the Minister of Production during the war is being appointed to turn paper plans into action.

In this connection the F.B.I. has put its finger on a grave weakness in the Government's present approach to planning. "Departmental sponsorship," it suggests, "has resulted in more objectives being retained in the economic programme for 1947 than our resources can collectively sustain." Though we differ from the F.B.I.'s proposal that the programme should be lightened by a still further curtailment of house building, we are in agreement with its view that there is urgent need for a co-ordinator, with really effective powers, to decide between the claims of competitive Departments. Such a role cannot be fulfilled by a Chief Planner whose status is that of a civil servant. Nor are priorities likely to be settled speedily or efficaciously by a Cabinet Committee in which each Minister fights for his own Department. The strengthening of the planning staff is commendable, but it is no substitute for the absence in the Cabinet of a single Minister responsible for the execution of economic policy.

Tough Terms for Russia

The prospects of even a limited agreement being reached at the Moscow Conference have not been improved by Mr. Bevin's statement on Monday of the terms on which he is prepared to agree to there being One Germany. Supported unreservedly by Mr. Marshall, the British Foreign Secretary said, in effect, that Russia must buy her way in, if she wanted a united Reich. The joint Anglo-American Zones would remain independent, there would be no further dismantling of any plant in Western Germany, and the U.S.S.R. would not be given any participation in the control of the Ruhr unless Russia would agree that Germany's production should be devoted, first, to meeting the cost of imports needed by the Reich, and secondly, to repaying the expenditure incurred, and still to be incurred, on occupation account. Between these terms and the Russian demand for £2,500 millions in reparations from current production—to say nothing of the French demand for reparation deliveries of coal—the gap is so wide as to be almost unbridgeable. There is no question but that the U.S.S.R. looks with real disfavour on the partition of Germany; and it may be that, if matters got to the stage of detailed bargaining, Mr. Molotov would be prepared to cut down the figure of Russia's reparation claims, if only because they are hardly compatible—at any rate for an interim period—with the fulfilment of French demands for coal. But, if Mr. Bevin and Mr. Marshall have said their last word, what chance is there of Russian agreement? By 1950, when it is expected (somewhat optimistically) that Western Germany will be paying its way, there will be an accumulated debt of at least £700 millions on account of the Western Allies' occupation costs, to which priority in repayment is to be given. That means, when French and Russian occupation costs are taken into account, that the

U.S.S.R. is asked to forgo the hope of receiving any further reparations from a unified Germany until 1965 at earliest. Russian diplomacy may be temporarily in retreat, but Mr. Molotov may well conclude that this would be too high a price to pay for One Germany.

Hunger in the Ruhr

There is no need to seek a political explanation for the food demonstrations in the Ruhr, culminating in last Friday's turbulent scenes in Düsseldorf and a strike by miners in the Dortmund coal area. The wholesale pilfering of food trains en route from Hamburg to the Ruhr may conceivably be organised by a Nazi Underground as part of a campaign to create chaos and hatred of the Occupying Power in the British Zone; and the resolution handed by a workers' delegation to the City Commandant at Düsseldorf—calling for land reform, speedier de-Nazification and the replacement of incompetent officials by "democratic fighters"—has a Communist flavour. But the salient facts in the situation are that in recent weeks rations in the Ruhr have fallen well below 1,000 calories daily, and throughout the winter they have rarely reached the level promised last autumn. Mass protests against these conditions are hardly surprising, and the demonstrators probably cared little whether the blame should be laid mainly on the shoulders of Herr Schlange-Schöningen, the Food Minister, or on the British authorities. The demonstrations are the natural product of prolonged cold and hunger.

Lewis Calls Out the Miners

John L. Lewis has called a coal strike for Easter week as a memorial to the more than one hundred miners who were killed in a coal mine explosion at Centralia, Illinois. In this way he can once more show his power over the most important industry in the U.S. and so recover some of the prestige he lost in his battle with Truman. At the same time he can rebuild his popularity with his own rank and file, since most miners will be glad to demonstrate against the appalling safety conditions which are to be found in many American mines. This is also a clever move by Lewis in the complex manœuvres of Federal labour politics. At a moment when the Unions are generally lying low to avoid any clash with Congress, he takes an aggressive lead on a popular issue. Yet Congress knows that no one can pin the Communist label on Lewis or his Union; this deprives them of their main line of attack. The Administration would not find it easy to challenge Lewis point-blank on so emotionally charged an issue. For behind all the mummery by which Lewis attempts to gain the leadership of American labour lies not merely the tragedy of a mining disaster but a shocking scandal. Twelve months ago four union officials wrote to the authorities: "This is a plea to save our lives. Please make the Department [of Mines] enforce the laws at number five mine, where we are employed, before we have a dust explosion." At the time of their death last week, in a dust explosion at number five mine, the union officials had received no reply.

Functional Agencies

The Economic and Social Council of Uno finished off its fourth session at Lake Geneva last week-end by setting up its special Commissions for Europe and for the Far East. The European Commission is intended to absorb the temporary Economic Committee for Europe, which was set up some time ago, and also the existing temporary European Canal and Inland Transport Organisation. Its mandate, which is to aid and co-ordinate necessary measures and to promote closer economic relations between the countries concerned, potentially covers all Europe; but the Soviet Union abstained from voting on the terms of reference, and the actual participation of the East European group of countries is by no means assured. There is also a dispute over Germany, which is included within the range of the new body as far as the military commanders in the Zones of occupation allow. The decision to include Germany on these terms was opposed at Lake Geneva by the Soviet delegate, who argued that the responsibility for economic policy in Germany rests exclusively with the Occupying Powers. The United States has a seat on the European Commission, which will be subject to supervision by the Economic and Social Council as a whole. Its headquarters are to be in Geneva. The Far Eastern Commission, on which also the U.S.A. has a seat, will be established at Shanghai. The area to be covered by it has not yet been settled; but it will definitely extend to India, Indonesia and Malaya, as well as to China and Japan. How much either Commission will be able to do in practice no one can yet say. In Europe the new body will at least be a valuable link between the West and certain eastern countries, such as Czechoslovakia, but it clearly cannot work really well unless the Soviet Union agrees to come in. As for the Far East, little can be done until the outlook in China and Indonesia becomes more settled, or until there is some readiness on the part of the Americans to let other countries have some say in the economic affairs of Japan. Still, it is better to have the Commissions set up than not to have them, even if no sanguine views of their immediate prospects can be entertained.

The New Problems of Asia

As the countries of Asia achieve varying stages of independence they have an entirely new set of economic problems to solve. In the past, control has rested with the dominant European nation which has warped the natural development of their trade and industry to suit its own Western economy. Now these countries have to consider how best to continue, on terms of mutual advantage, trade with European Powers. In Indonesia, for instance, some Dutch business interests, well aware of this new situation, have been impatient of the long delays of the Dutch Government in signing the Agreement. If the Dutch militarists on the spot do not provoke new incidents, and the Dutch Catholics in Holland do not again delay matters by discovering new loopholes of interpretation, the Indonesian Republican Government should have the right to send its own representatives abroad and should now be able to trade on an equal footing with Holland, Australia and other countries, including our own. Further, Indonesia and the newly recognised Asiatic countries can now turn to the question of their economic and cultural relations with each other. In the past they have been almost wholly isolated from their neighbours. One of the objects of the Inter-Asian Conference which has been meeting this week in New Delhi was to face these problems. In the first flush of independence the pendulum may swing towards an Asiatic nationalism, and Nehru, in an extremely fine opening speech, was careful to emphasise the need for a peaceful resurgent Asia, very backward and with appallingly low standards of life, to play its part in a World Federation. The 23 States in Asia represented at New Delhi have discussed an Institute for Asia, the exchange of cultural Missions, students and workers. A significant feature of the Conference was that 90 per cent of the delegates, in reply to questions, showed that they bore "no cultural, scientific or economic malice" towards Japan.

Floods, Food and Farmers

Britain's drowned acres have meant for the country people miseries and privations commensurate with the city blitzes. The Lord Mayor is raising a hardship fund. The Chancellor has provided a million for emergency measures to assist the farmers. But the nation at large is presently going to discover the delayed-action effects. Any Government planning must take into account dislocation of our agricultural industry probably more serious than the temporary paralysis of manufacturing industry by the fuel crisis. The National Farmers' Union estimates that the material losses of the farmers are not less than £20,000,000. Coming on top of January and February frost and snow, which—according to the Minister of Agriculture—left two million sheep dead in the drifts, the floods of March have increased the cattle losses to over 30,000. Hundreds of thousands of acres of winter-sown wheat are total loss. Cottages and farmsteadings have been swept away. Agricultural machinery has been lost or ruined. In many areas the waterlogged soil may not recover for three years. Great reclamation schemes for the countryside must now assert themselves as priorities competing with the mines and the power industry for men and equipment. Rehousing and replenishing of the flood victims become a charge upon Bevan's housing plans and Cripps' consumer goods. But Strachey's headache is even greater. In a world of continuing scarcity, Britain is unlikely, after this calamitous winter, to produce that third of its requirements which is home-grown. To the problems of reconversion from war to peace and transition from free enterprise to a planned economy have been added a series of natural, and national, disasters, unprecedented in living memory. The reserves of peace call for a strategy and a redisposition of forces as drastic as those which reversed the defeats of war.

The Book Crisis

The Government's decision to cut the fuel allocation to the paper mills and to give no priority to the reduced ration is a hasty and foolish piece of economy. The amount of coal which will be saved is negligible compared with the damage that will be done. The paper shortage is already very serious, but this new cut—coming immediately after a reduction of the quota for book publishers by 10 per cent—is going to halve the paper available for books. Publishers are already in serious difficulties, but their position will become almost intolerable if this cut is enforced. The lack of books for schools and universities—especially reprints of the classics and essential text-books—has for some time been a major handicap to adequate teaching. To reduce the supply at the very moment that the school-leaving age is raised is incredibly stupid. It is no use for the Government to argue that too many worthless books are appearing. If publishers have less paper they will revert to the wartime practice of printing a few best-selling titles in large editions and postponing serious or otherwise worth-while publications until supplies of paper improve. This may not be desirable, but it will be a commercial necessity for many firms. Unless the Government is prepared to institute some form of censorship, it cannot force any discrimination against rubbish. The additional supplies which, in the past, have been provided for special books by the Moberly Pool will no longer be available if paper production is to be cut so drastically. This is one means of saving coal against which widespread protest is in the public interest. The consequent disruption of the export trade in books will be serious enough: the domestic result may seem like an attempt at intellectual suicide. We need more books than ever now. The Board of Trade must find some other way of economising the few thousand tons of coal involved.

State Scholarships

The recent announcement of the Ministry of Education regarding State Scholarships will be widely welcomed. Not only is the number of these scholarships to be increased from 360 to 570 but the Ministry is making a determined effort to meet the demand that the civic universities and university colleges should command a greater share of the talent of the nation. Hitherto, candidates have been free to choose the university

or university college at which they would like the award to be held and four out of five have selected Oxford, Cambridge, or London. This year, following consultations with the universities, the Minister will allocate State Scholarships among the universities and university colleges on a basis roughly proportionate to their size. Even more significant, perhaps, than this change are the decisions to offer 100 technical scholarships to students under the age of 20 on the recommendation of principals of Colleges of Further Education and on the advice of a Selection Committee, and 20 scholarships to students of mature age who have been deprived of a university education at the normal age. These innovations are, admittedly, experimental; but their introduction, at a time when the Ministry of Education is asking local education authorities to prepare their development plans for Further Education, should do much to convince those who are still sceptical of the Ministry's policy in this field.

Birth and Reproduction

The Registrar-General's latest return for England and Wales shows yet another rise in the birthrate, the rate for the last quarter of 1946 being the highest since 1921. Combined with a low death-rate, this gives a natural increase of population for the quarter of nearly 100,000. The marriage rate remains high, and the reproduction rate has reached a level high enough to maintain the population for the first time since 1922. All this is highly satisfactory, even if it cannot be taken precisely at its face value. The current figures have to some extent to be discounted as representing a "post-war bulge" like that which occurred after 1918. In effect, some of the children now being born are either "deferred" children not born during the war years because of postponed marriages, or "advanced" children—the products of marriages hastened by the return of demobilised warriors. In other words, some of them are children whose birth was already allowed for in current population forecasts, and the increased number of births during 1946 cannot be taken as indicating a proportionate increase in long-run "fertility."

The Visit of Henry Wallace

The novelty of an American statesman speaking on platforms here—is there, in fact, any historical precedent?—explains, in part, the extraordinary interest that has been shown in the visit of Henry Wallace to this country next week. But the second, more important, reason is that Wallace does stand for an idea: he placed the Century of the Common Man against Henry Luce's American Century. Would America, after the war, use her vast power and wealth to increase well-being everywhere, or would she use it politically in the old game of Power politics? In spite of the present violent swing to the Right, the American pendulum may swing back; and, if it does, it will swing towards Wallace. A curious appreciation of Wallace's influence appears in the unpretentious first number of the *American Outlook*, which was published here last week. The writer remarks that "Wallace's following is still there. Millions of anonymous workers in America feel the power of his name to evoke the shade of Roosevelt. The best observers put his following today at 4,000,000—a tidy marginal vote. (Roosevelt in 1944 got in by far less.) So the Democratic bosses are not as indifferent to Wallace's activities as they seem." A little later, however, as if frightened by this estimate, the author goes on to say that Wallace "has won full publicity among fewer people. His following sounds big as a little local platoon singing in the night sounds like an army." Later on the author writes down the nucleus of Wallace's political movement at about 150,000 or 200,000. It is fair to infer that Wallace is still a very great name; he is still regarded as a man who may have a great future, and the wiseacres, as usual in such cases, cannot refrain from trying to make contradictory guesses on insufficient data.

PARLIAMENT: The Rebel Split

Wednesday

If the vote on the Conscription Bill was unsatisfactory, the Government has only itself to blame. It failed to give any satisfactory account of the gigantic Arms Budget either on the Army Estimates or in the Debate on Defence: thereby it added to the pacifists, who would, in any case, oppose conscription, a number of supporters such as Mikardo who are legitimately concerned about the waste of manpower. The presentation of its case for the National Service Bill only increased the number of its opponents. It was left to back-benchers to answer with cool reason the powerful emotional arguments of Rhys Davies, the wit of Gordon Lang and the traditional Liberal sermonising of Clem Davies. On Monday the internecine fray below the gangway proceeded fairly quietly, despite an ebullient effort by Mr. Churchill to inject real poison into it. Mrs. Gould and Mrs. Paton fought a drawn match, and Colonel Price Jones showed that the electors of Caernarvon Boroughs can persuade even a Conservative to oppose conscription. Zilliacus and Pritt indicated the really serious threat to the Government. They were determined to develop last November's rebellion, by combining the pacifists with as many critics of the Government's foreign policy as they could muster. Both spoke well; but the speeches of Wyatt, Swingler and Wigg showed that the rebels were split wide open and that a section of them was not prepared to deny to the Minister of Defence a Bill which any of them, in his place, would have been forced to move.

On Tuesday the sparks began to fly as soon as Crossman rose to speak. Suspected of ratting on the Left, he was constantly interrupted and hit back at colleagues who, he obviously felt, had ratted on him.

At last there was a real debate, which revealed both an underlying tension in the Labour Movement and a conflict of motive among the rebels. Government spokesmen having discreetly dodged the really vital issues raised by conscription, the back-benchers captured the Debate in order to argue them out. In doing so, they sorted themselves out into two kinds of tacticians, Crossman manœuvring for a position from which the Bill could be amended and Zilliacus expanding his direct assault on the Government itself.

The Tories looked on with obvious satisfaction, and Oliver Stanley made the contribution of a man who can give a brilliant after-dinner speech at any time of day. Shackleton and Hughes supported the counter-revolution against Seymour Cocks, Millington and Mikardo. After these alarums and excursions, A. V. Alexander wisely played out time.

A disconcerting debate which was only the prelude to the real struggle when the Bill is considered in Committee of the full House. It looks as though the proposal to reduce the period of service from eighteen months to a year, which many Government supporters made a condition of voting for the Second Reading, will bring the first real test of strength.

Lobby forecasts of the Labour Members who would vote against conscription varied from 45 to 60, with rather more abstentions. The Division record showed that many more went into the Lobby and many fewer abstained than had been expected. The "Old Left"—pacifists led by Yates, ex-I.L.P.ers and internationalists like John Paton and Seymour Cocks and Zilliacan anti-Bevinites—voted solidly against, but most of those who were behind last November's "rebellion," and who recently led the attack on the Defence Estimates, supported the Government. They included Jenny Lee, Mrs. Castle, Foot, Bruce, Bing, Wilkes, Mallalieu, Crossman, Warbey and Driberg.

PHINEAS

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

It is no accident that the appointment of a Royal Commission on the press in this country should coincide with the publication of an unofficial American report on the same subject. The problem springs from the nature of capitalist democracy. In the long battle for political freedom newspapers won the right to print views and comment without State interference; we have learnt to assume that we are on the way to Totalitarianism unless the job of informing the public of world events is left to private enterprise. But because we also agree that democracy cannot function unless the newspaper readers are well informed and responsibly advised on public events, we are alarmed when private enterprise, very naturally, concentrates rather on selling us the entertainment for which we are all willing to pay, than on providing the serious political education which only interests some of us some of the time. Every now and again, when we discover how unfit we are as citizens to cope with the complex dangers around us, we rouse ourselves, conscience-stricken, to blame the Press Barons who have made vast fortunes and acquired an incalculable influence by selling us what we want—or, rather, what, by good salesmanship, we can most readily be induced to buy. A thoughtful minority prefer to form their political judgments on information and comment provided in one or other of the less commercialised daily or weekly papers; but the mass of citizens, even while they declare that they "do not believe a word they read," in fact accept as their working map of the world the crudely dramatised picture of events that finds its place in the newspapers side by side with the murdered maidens, divorced duchesses, and the betting and sporting news.

We have deliberately left the job of political education to be a by-product of the business of news-selling. A Royal Commission has now been appointed because the results are what might have been expected. Private enterprise in newspapers, as in other heavily capitalised industries, has tended to monopoly; the number of independent papers has been greatly reduced and power increasingly concentrated into a few hands. And the stock remedy is not available. No one wants to "nationalise" the press and transfer the power of Lord Rothermere, Lord Kemsley and Lord Beaverbrook—which is in fact only semi-monopolistic—to a newspaper department in Whitehall. Yet the danger is clear enough, and the terms of the Royal Commission include not only the maintenance of freedom from State interference, but also the task of obtaining more adequate news and more independent and honest journalism. The American Commission opens its Report by bluntly saying that the freedom of the press is in danger in the United States, not from the State, but from its failure to carry out the true function of the press, which it defines in part as providing a "truthful, comprehensive and intelligent account of the day's events in a context which gives them meaning," and offering "a forum for the exchange of comment and criticism" and presenting on behalf of the "constituent groups in society" a clarification of its "goals and values."

The American Commission points out that during the past half-century a "communications revolution" has been at work in press, films and radio and that, as ever swifter and more profitable means of communication develop, so the tendency grows to cut out what is important and thoughtful and to concentrate on what pleases everyone and offends no one. By way of example it takes the American reporting of the San Francisco Conference of 1945, showing the process by which the technique of dramatic news presentation misleads a vast public; it notes that the danger grows every day with new, almost fantastic inventions of radio-telegraphy which will give a precisely similar account of events at negligible cost to every American home each day. It adds that the result of this profitable treatment of news is even worse on the films than it is in the press, whilst the American radio, worst of all, ceases to be a medium of either entertainment or instruction and becomes merely a medium designed to lure the listener into such a comatose state that an advertiser can sell him anything.

The American Commission finds that this ultimate control of opinion falls inevitably, because of the structure of the industry, into the hands of

financiers and industrialists. Thus the bias of the press, they say, is always in favour of moneyed interests and its object is to satisfy the need of shareholders rather than that of the public.

In choosing the members of the Royal Commission the Government was hampered by being unable to select working journalists with the knowledge of the daily routine of a newspaper office. They have selected men and women very similar to those who composed the unofficial American Commission. The Chairman in each case is a man of academic distinction and the members are able, experienced and representative of a variety of facets of public life. Their lack of experience of modern newspaper offices will not matter provided that there are among them individuals who are determined to ask the right questions and not to be put off by general assurances. It will need, for instance, some knowledge of finance and the ways of the City to elicit in detail the story of how the great combines were built up in the newspaper war that followed the death of Lord Northcliffe. It will need fearless questioning and the choice of unintimidated witnesses to obtain information on which a balanced answer can be given to the question how far advertising influences the policy of newspapers. Only by the most careful questioning of reporters, foreign correspondents, sub-editors, "re-write men," managers, editors and proprietors can a Commission reach an appreciation of the status of journalists and learn how far the subordination of everything to the needs of circulation affects the truth and adequacy of the news that appears in our press. The American Commission saw its chief remedy in elevating the craft of journalism into a profession. This is an objective that will necessarily occupy much of the Royal Commission's time. But it must go further than this. It must examine, for instance, various proposals that have been made for maintaining freedom from State interference, while providing safeguards against monopolistic tendencies; it must inquire into the experiment of the Czechs, who have made it illegal for a newspaper to be owned by an individual, thus founding a new type of press which maintains its independence from the State and is owned by political parties and various forms of co-operative and cultural institutions. The Commission cannot afford to neglect any proposal for changing the newspaper industry, in so far as it has become a branch of commerce, into a "public concern", responsible to the community for its political and social function.

CONSCRIPTION: A Reply

My friends and colleagues, Dick Crossman and George Wigg, seem to have drawn the conclusion from pre-war history that "By Gad, Sir, Chamberlain was right."

My objection to Labour's Defence policy during those years was that whereas the Tories appeased the Fascists our Labour leaders appeased the Tories: I thought then (and I said it at Southport in 1939) that it was not enough merely to vote against the Tories' Defence Budgets as a protest against the foreign policy that was weakening us by the loss of allies and strengthening the Axis by conniving at their conquests, many times faster than we could rearm, and was making a world war inevitable. Labour should have backed the demand for an Anglo-Franco-Soviet alliance to save the peace by a nation-wide campaign, including refusal to co-operate in war preparations of any kind, thus precipitating a first-class crisis, unless and until that alliance had been concluded or the Government had been forced into a General Election.

Crossman and Wigg, on the other hand, seem dissatisfied because Labour's leaders in those years were only appeasers—they think they should have been collaborators.

Whether we voted against, for, or abstained in Parliament in those days would have made no difference to the Gadarene rush to the second world war—we could only have influenced events decisively by getting really tough with the Tories between 1935 and 1939, on behalf of the policy of an Anglo-Franco-Soviet alliance to which Labour, since the War and Peace Memorandum of 1934, was officially pledged.

I do not understand the distinction drawn between a tactic of "dubious value even when Labour was in Opposition" and action which is "irresponsible" when Labour is in office. A Tory foreign policy that is losing the peace is just as bad when conducted by a Labour Government as it was when the Tories landed us in the second world war. I deplore the whole attitude that looks upon these life and death issues as matters of tactics, for they are in fact issues of principle, faithfulness to election pledges and conscience.

I do not object to the principle of conscription. It may well be that ultimately we shall have to have some measure of conscription. I did not vote for the pacifist amendment, rejecting conscription outright, that was moved to the Address. I am unconditionally in favour of the continuance of the present Conscription Act until January 1st, 1949, so as to allow the men who fought in the war and are still in the forces to come home, and to tide us over the transition from war to peace.

But I supported the amendment which called upon the Government to postpone for six months its Bill continuing 18 months' conscription for five years after January 1st, 1949, for two reasons. First, we must put a manpower ceiling on defence commitments. Anything beyond eight or nine months' conscription puts an impossible strain on our manpower resources and wrecks our home reconstruction, which should be the Government's first commitment and first care. We shall carry more weight in the councils of the world as a solvent country, succeeding in its democratic, Socialist reconstruction and able to trade with the rest of the world, than by staggering to bankruptcy under the weight of huge armaments.

In the second place, I cannot vote for a Conscription Bill which would compel youngsters to risk their lives for causes for which I would refuse to fight if I were of military age. If I were young enough to be called up I should refuse to go to Greece to prop up the Royalists, Quislings and Fascists, who worked for the Germans, in fighting the Resistance movement that fought on our side, and at bottom wants the kind of society we Socialists believe in, and to serve the reactionary and war-mongering policy openly proclaimed by Truman. I object passionately to our young men being conscript cannon fodder for Wall Street's campaign against World Socialism.

If I were called up to take part in the cross between a pogrom and a war being conducted by a lot of reactionary, anti-Semitic generals in pursuance of a strategic policy of turning Palestine into a military base against the Soviet Union, I should refuse. Like many other candidates, I made certain pledges to Jewish electors in good faith on the basis of Labour's declared policies, and I view the violation of those pledges and the resulting repression in Palestine with horror. Nor would I feel it right to conscript anyone to help train the mercenaries of the Arab feudal regimes, that we are arming and equipping in the Middle East, while pretending to be afraid of what they might do if we were to try carrying out even part of our pledges to the Jews.

Finally, I take my stand on the Charter of Uno, which contains no obligation for the United Kingdom to join the United States in fighting the Soviet Union, or vice versa, in any circumstances, and pledges all the members of Uno to refrain from using force or the threat of force in their mutual relations, and to settle all their disputes by pacific means. That means the Charter calls upon the permanent members of the Security Council to be all-in appeasers and pacifists with regard to each other, as the Secretary General of Uno has pointed out in his report to the General Assembly. In no circumstances whatever am I prepared to see this country join with the Soviet Union to fight the United States, or with the United States to fight the Soviet Union.

That is the only stand compatible with loyalty to the Charter. The Government say they are basing their policy on Uno, and within Uno on equal friendship and co-operation with both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. Mr. Attlee on March 6th last confirmed what Mr. Bevin said on February 21st, 1946, namely, that no one in the Government or in any political party contemplates the possibility of ever having to fight either the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R.

If they do not mean these things they should not say them. Having said them, they should act on them.

They are not. They are asking for 18 months' conscription after 1949, and are spending £900,000,000 on armaments because, whether they know it or not, their permanent officials have jockeyed them into junior partnership in an Anglo-American balance of power, starting an arms race against the Soviet Union in order to use the threat of war as an instrument of Anglo-American policy in upholding their views of their rights and interests against our ally and permanent fellow-member of the Security Council, the Soviet Union.

The really horrifying fact is that the Government are letting the fighting Services frame their demands on the political assumption that we may be involved in a great war within ten years. In these matters, what you prepare for is what you get.

Before I vote for a Conscription Bill the Government must (a) bring both Greece and Palestine before the Security Council of Uno, invoking the assistance of the Social and Economic Council, and make positive proposals for a common policy with both the Soviet Union and the U.S.A., based on the Teheran agreement, the principles of the Charter and Labour's election pledges.

(b) Instruct the fighting services, as the Lloyd George Government did in 1919, that they must frame their annual Service estimates on the assumption that we shall not be engaged in a great war in the next ten years. They should also be told to frame their defence plans on the assumption that we need not prepare against the danger of ever having to fight either the United States or the Soviet Union.

(c) Work out a common policy with France and the U.S.S.R., based on the triangle of alliances between the three Powers, for supporting Socialist reconstruction in Europe and a European regional agreement within Uno, with a West European sub-division going as far as Churchill's offer to France in 1940, on terms of association with the Dominions and the U.S.A. negotiated on the basis of the Charter.

If and when the Government do these things, I will vote for any Conscription Bill that does not put an impossible strain on our manpower.

But I do beg my friends Wigg and Crossman to face the fact that when you conscript men in peacetime you must be very clear about the purposes for which you conscript them. National self-defence and upholding the Charter, that is the rule of law, are the only two obligations for which the people of this country will, in the long run, accept conscription. But it is no good trying to fool people into believing that an Anglo-American balance of power against the Soviet Union or Imperialist hangovers in the Middle East (including the guarding of communications through Suez, or the defence of Far Eastern territories) are world peace commitments or national self-defence. We should take the lead in sharing the policing of Suez, the Middle East and other troubled areas with other countries through Uno, and in framing a Far Eastern policy within Uno for the collective maintenance of law and order east of Suez. It is not only physically impossible for us to shoulder these commitments alone, but it will prove politically and psychologically impossible to induce the people of this country to accept conscription, involving the danger of local hostilities and the death or wounding of conscripts in peacetime, for Imperialist purposes.

K. Zilliacus.

A LONDON DIARY

"EVERYTHING at the Hotel Moskva," I hear from a colleague who is staying there with other correspondents and Allied diplomats, "is so terribly respectable and unreal that you might well think you were at Geneva. Moscow citizens strolling by in the spring sunshine know that the hotel is closed for Russians, and they no longer stare curiously at the collection of swish Soviet cars driving away filled with all sorts of important-looking foreigners. Inside the hotel a new world has been artificially created. The rough-and-tumble atmosphere of 1944 and 1945 has vanished. With it have gone the officers with rows of decorations who drank noisily to victory as hundreds of rockets were lighting the Moscow sky to celebrate the capture of yet another German town. There has been, it is true, one little episode when a tipsy Allied airman punched the restaurant manager so hard that he was laid out for a week, calling him a Bolshevik twerp and smashing crockery and glasses to the tune of five thousand roubles—but that was settled by sending the bill to his Embassy. At mealtimes an ear-splitting band plays selections from Carmen and Tchaikowsky. At night a jazz band plays 'typically' Russian jazz—swing versions of *O chi chornyia* and Tchaikowsky's piano concerto. Talk of degenerate art! Heaven help the band if it plays this stuff when the Russians get back into the Moskva! I can see *Culture and Life* going off the deep end about this desecration of Tchaikowsky. But the Russians have certainly done the Allied residents of the Moskva well. You hear people saying that it's much cheaper than living in New York. Actually, they are getting the best and cheapest meals in Moscow. The whole show, in fact, is subsidised by the Government. It's amusing to think that there are a few grains of Moscow gold in everyone's inside. Unfortunately, there is the same air of fantasy about the official side of the Conference."

* * *

In view of President Truman's decision to spend millions of dollars on purging Washington of "dangerous Reds," it is natural that there is some anxiety here about a similar campaign in Whitehall. In answering a question on Monday the Prime Minister emphasised rightly enough that M.I.5 is not a secret police. It has no powers of arrest or even of dismissal. Throughout the war its function was strictly limited to the provision of confidential reports when required. What action was taken remained entirely in the hands of the Minister concerned. But when the war started, M.I.5 was certainly in deplorable shape. Its directive, as far as the outsider could judge, laid it down that the danger was on the Left. Service on the Republican side in Spain or even voluntary work for the Basque children in England was held by M.I.5 to be sufficient to disqualify anyone from confidential Government work. Even more surprising, ex-Members of the C.P. who years before had renounced Stalin and all his works, were still black-listed, while near-Fascists were left without any dossier at all. The main result was to damage the war effort by depriving the Government of the services of a large number of first-rate experts whose reliability was beyond question. Gradually, during the war, a revolution took place behind the scenes, as the staff was enlarged by the temporary wartime appointment of a number of able and fair-minded people. This process was greatly assisted during the Blitz by a bomb which mercifully dropped on Wormwood Scrubs, largely destroying the back files of M.I.5. This enabled a new start to be made. By the end of the war, judging by results, M.I.5 had developed a surprisingly humane and sensible policy. Indeed, it is rumoured that on some occasions it intervened actively in defence of Left-wing suspects. Now, like so many Government Departments and sections of the Armed Services, it is in danger of slipping back into its bad old ways. The wartime staff has mostly departed, and the old hands are determined to get back to normal. Moreover, Russia and Communism have re-emerged as the potential enemy. What can be done? The solution is not, as some M.P.s suggested, publicity. You cannot publicise the methods of a secret organisation which inevitably relies very largely on information which is not evidence in the strict sense of the word. What is needed is personal attention by the Prime Minister himself to ensure that the top half-dozen appointments in M.I.5 are held by the right sort of men; and that the directive, under which they work, defines intelligently the sort of people against whom there is a *prima facie* case for suspicion.

* * *

Last Sunday *Reynolds Newspaper* carried as its main feature an article by Mr. Coppock, Secretary of the National Federation of Building Trade Operatives, which was entitled "This is the reason why the builders oppose payment by results." I must say that I thought it a completely lamentable effort by the man who shares with Arthur Horner the chief responsibility for helping the Government to put the White Paper across. The miners, of course, are in a far stronger position than the builders, or indeed than the miners in any other country. Arthur Horner could hold the nation to ransom far more effectively than John L. Lewis if he chose to put the miners first and the country last. He has not done so, mainly because the miners are the most politically conscious of all trade unionists and they want the Labour Government to succeed. Also, they have achieved their main political objective, nationalisation. But they are increasing production *before* they receive any benefits from nationalisation. The position in the building trade is ominously different. It has been shown in certain areas that twice as many men are now required to build a house as were required before the war. For months past Ministers have been privately urging the Unions to accept a combination of basic rate and payment by results in order to speed up the rate of building. Last Sunday Mr. Coppock turned this proposal down flat, pending a complete reorganisation of the industry. He argued that payment by results would be "just like putting a patch on a ship." Exactly! As if a ship at sea had a gaping hole below the waterline, and the Secretary of the Seamen's Union refused to permit the crew to patch it until the ship had been taken to dry dock for overhaul.

* * *

What makes the whole affair so deplorable is the well-established fact that building trade operatives *are* receiving bonuses from private builders—ten shillings slipped into the pay packet and no questions asked. The result, of course, is that private builders are constantly stealing labour from the local authorities, since a city engineer cannot infringe Regulation 56 AB which expressly forbids this practice. Any trade union leader who does not expose the practice of illicit payments of bonuses by private builders and publicly opposes the annulment of Regulation 56 AB, is playing into the hands of the employers and jeopardising the Government's housing programme. To adopt this attitude is to do a grave disservice to the workers in the building industry who are now being more and more sharply criticised, not only by the general public, but by their fellow-trade unionists. The building trade is a depressed industry, under-paid, badly organised, and as a result, disgruntled and inefficient. It has a lot of genuine grievances. But it will not get them remedied by its present attitude.

* * *

A friend reminded me the other day, in a dining-car, that according to law you must not be served with intoxicants in a train except during the permitted hours. "What permitted hours?" I said—"they're different all over the country." But apparently that only means that the drinking hours on a train keep changing as it dashes across the counties and boroughs. Still, supposing you are served with a drink at 10.5 p.m. in Blankshire, where the hours finish at 10.30, and you are still toying with it at 10.15 p.m. in Loamshire, where everything stops at ten? Then, it seems, it's an offence to drink it; you must wait until you're running into so-and-so, where "time, gentlemen" is 11 o'clock. "But what about the half-hour for drinking up?" I asked "surely that applies everywhere?" Only with a meal, I was told; and not a sandwich, a meal. I looked at my watch: half-past-four. "But this isn't permitted hours anywhere," I pointed out, "in a train or not. That couple over there have just got gin-and-limes." We ordered two gin-and-limes. "It's really a case of *de minimis non curat lex*," said my authoritative friend, swallowing. "It's quite impracticable to enforce it." This didn't appear to me to mean quite the same thing; *lex*, in my experience, would stop you drinking if it got the chance, *minimis* or not. No Excise officer would trouble you, perhaps, because the railways scrupulously take out Excise licences for their dining cars—and the permitted hours are a matter for the police. The railways employ their own private police. I have learned since that the same thing applies to passenger aircraft: last year Parliament solemnly enacted that drinks could be sold in aircraft without a Justices' licence, though they too need the usual Excise licence. And the permitted hours apply to them, the hours that happen to be in force on the ground immediately below. I read lately that they will soon be doing 900 miles an hour. . . . Our liquor lawyers must mug up their Einstein.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to E. C. Allberry.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

While in custody Hicks was alleged to have made two statements. In the first he said that just before Christmas he tried to break into Brown's jeweller's shop in Witton-street, Northwich, but the job took a long time, and as he had promised to be home early he had to leave it.—*Northwich Chronicle.*

Woman Required for Domestic Duties approximately 28 hours each week, the rate of pay is 1s. 5.398d. per hour at present. Applications should be sent as soon as possible to the undersigned. City of Nottingham Education Committee. —*Advt. in Nottingham Evening Post.*

When illness prevented Sir Henry from riding to hounds he went hunting in an electrically-propelled bath chair, specially designed to cross the hills.—*Evening News.*

"I accuse the miners of making a shortage of coal in order to reap undue profit in extra food, clothing, and things in the shops."

This was said by Mr. A. L. Taylor, chairman of the Riverhead branch of the Conservative and Unionist Association, at the annual meeting on Friday.—*Sevenoaks News.*

"I am glad to be able to tell the House," Mr. Bellenger said, "that the Army has been experimenting with an unpolishable button."—*News Chronicle.*

"The foundation of Communism is class hatred, and I know of only two institutions in this country where there are no class distinctions—Rugby football and the public houses, notably those in the country districts. Communism, through this Government, has already set to work to undermine the pubs by the device of selling alcoholic liquors at State-controlled restaurants."—Mr. Adrian Stoop, reported in *Football Argus*, Newport (Mon).

We apologise to the Town Clerk of the City of Westminster for an error that appeared in our "This England" column last week. His communication about the appointment of a Branch Librarian being referred to the Director of Public Cleansing was unhappily attributed to the Wellington College Year Book.—Ed. N.S. & N.

THE LOAN, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE

Was Great Britain right or wrong in accepting the American Loan on the onerous terms on which it was to be had? Right, most people argue, not because they like the terms, but because in their view there was no alternative. Dollars were so badly needed that they had to be got somehow; and if the Americans were set on laying down conditions which, in the long run, could not possibly be carried out, Great Britain simply had to take the loan, conditions and all, as the only means of feeding the people, of buying American materials and machinery, and of meeting other onerous commitments in Germany, in the Middle East, in Greece, and in a dozen other areas.

So runs the argument, and it has undeniable force. But how high the price was most people are only now beginning to understand. The very existence of the loan has enabled the Americans to impose on us obligations which we should otherwise have been forced to reject, because they would have been altogether beyond our immediate power. We should have been unable to go on garrisoning Greece against the Russians, or dallying disastrously in Palestine, or acting as capitalist policeman throughout the Near and Middle East. It would have been impossible for the Americans to call on us to pay half the costs of our joint occupation of Western Germany. Our sterling creditors would have been much more accommodating and much less pressing; for they would have seen that it was useless either to suck at a dry orange now or to expect that we could release most of their balances within a measurable period of years. We should have been in a position to strike bargains with "soft currency" areas for current supplies, without receiving a Note of protest from the State Department and being compelled to apologise whenever we made the smallest approach to a special trade bargain. And, last but not least, if our rejection of the American terms had led to a sheer crisis in our affairs, it would have been possible to re-start negotiations on the strength of the crisis in a climate of American opinion at any rate a good deal less unfavourable than exists today.

Rejection of the loan, had it been possible, would have forced us at once to restrict our military and imperial commitments and to come to terms with the Soviet Union. We should have had to make a French Treaty, not now, but at least a year ago, on terms which would have brought ourselves, the French, and the Russians much closer together in the search for an agreed settlement in Germany. We should have been forced to cut out at once every import from the United States that we could possibly do without, and to set about finding, where possible, alternative sources of supply, and, where we could not, readjusting our habits on a basis of doing without. This is not only a matter of films and tobacco, though they loom large. What is, for the long period, even more important is that, instead of waiting upon supplies of American machinery—which, incidentally, have for the most part never come—we should have been under the sheer necessity of reorganising our own metal and engineering industries to meet the demands of industrial re-equipment.

In effect, the taking of the American Loan made it possible for Great Britain not to plan the reorganisation of British industry, and impossible for her to plan her overseas trade. The sort of muddle that has occurred, with sectional schemes going wrong for want of any real co-ordination between them, never could have happened if we had been forced up against hard realities at the end of 1945. We should have had to plan, and to plan thoroughly, not merely in patches, but over the entire economic field.

That is all very well, say most people; but, in point of hard fact, could we have done without the loan? That, indeed, is the rub; and it is plain that we could not have done without it unless we had at the least very considerably tightened our belts. It would have meant an austerity that would have shocked and surprised a public wholly unprepared for it. The Tories, who made all the political capital they could out of opposing such austerity—of a very mild kind—as the Government did attempt to impose (and who fought bread rationing even when it was quite plainly imperative in our own interests as well as the world's) would have had a glorious time denouncing the Labour Party for lowering the people's standard of life, for making common cause with the Russians, and for flinging away British prestige all over the world. Such attacks could have been countered, if at all, only by supreme courage on the Government's part in taking the people utterly into its confidence, and compelling them to understand the underlying realities of Great Britain's long-run position. This could have been done, if at all, only at the cost of a very great temporary loss of popularity, until the lesson had had time to sink home. For a Government, flushed with unexpected victory and eager to satisfy the voters who had returned it to power, it was bound to be very difficult indeed to take so arduous a course, which even their loyal supporters would hardly have understood at first. As far as can be seen, they did not even consider taking it, not necessarily because they lacked the courage, but because most of them considered it to be sheerly impossible. They reached, perhaps not too regretfully, the conclusion that Great Britain had to have the American Loan at all costs; and then they set to work on an export drive designed to earn as much foreign exchange as possible, in the hope that, even if they failed to reach the target of a 75 per cent increase, they would at least get near enough to it for the situation to look less bleak when the loan ran out than it looked in 1945. But, alas, in staking everything on exports, they forgot that their export policy could work out only with a ground plan of priorities covering the whole field of production. Even if they were right to take the loan, they were wrong in not facing up more firmly to its implications.

Were they, however, right in taking it at all? Without it, the only American credits available would have been the relatively small sums procurable under the Bretton Woods Plan—unless it had been possible, in face of the rejection of the loan terms, to get credits, on a smaller scale, through the American Import-Export Bank or from commercial services in the United States. If no such possibilities could have been opened up, it must be agreed that rejection was well nigh out of the question. But, had we turned down the loan, on the terms on which it was offered, and with full explanation that our reason was the sheer impossibility of our being able to carry out these terms, would it not have been greatly in the Americans' own interests to find some way of meeting, by other "lines of credits," our absolutely basic needs? And would they not have been absolutely compelled to come to the rescue in Germany and to take, in face of our inability to sustain overseas commitments, a different and much more fortunate line in their foreign policy? American food we, like other countries, simply had to buy; and doubtless, even if we had reduced our purchases to the bare minimum, we should have been hard put to it to find the necessary dollars. Other American products we should have had to do without, unless the Americans could find ways of putting us in funds for buying them. It is at any rate on the cards that they would have done this, at least to a sufficient extent to enable us just to scrape through.

Admittedly, no one can say confidently what would have happened, and the Government, if it had rejected the loan, would have been taking more than a purely political risk. If, by taking the loan they had stood a good chance of gaining more than a respite, they would have been right in what they decided to do in accepting the loan even on conditions which hopelessly tied their hands in making long-term arrangements for alternative sources of supply. But, for my part, I could never see that they did stand any chance of more than a two or three years' respite. That was why I was against accepting the loan and prepared, with full consciousness of the effects of public opinion, to face at once the highly unpleasant consequences of turning it down.

What, it may be asked, is the use of raking all this up now? The loan was accepted and, because of rising American prices (which were to be fully expected), of heavy commitments in Germany (which might have been foreseen), and of other heavy commitments in the Mediterranean and in the Middle East (which could have been avoided, or at least reduced), it is being spent at a very rapid rate. Our hands are tied against bilateral bargaining, as no other country's are—not even America's own. We have made our bed and we must lie in it till, in a year or so's time, we are forcibly tossed out on to the floor. To a great extent, alas, that is true; but the reason for raking up the past is to point such morals as do give practical guidance in the present. Now, and not when the loan runs out, is the time to tell the people frankly what the prospects are, and to face whatever unpopularity may be involved in making them go without every American product with which it is possible to dispense—beginning, of course, with tobacco and films, even if that means a very bad moment for the Chancellor of the Exchequer in finding alternative sources of revenue for his coming Budget. Now is the time drastically to cut commitments, not only in Greece but also in the East; and now is the time to set about reorganising our steel and engineering industries for the urgent tasks of modernising our equipment with a minimum of American supplies.

The people are in the dumps; and some politicians will argue that this is no moment for depressing them further. But what is most responsible for their depression is not present shortage, but deep uneasiness about the future and, despite the lowness of the Tory stock, about the Government's capacity to get things right. British opinion would face being told the worst very much better if it were made to feel that the worst was really the worst, instead of suspecting that there is worse still soon to come. They would face austerity—even in films and tobacco—if they felt that they were at the bottom and could soon begin to climb. But we are, despite the White Paper, still sheltering against the worst behind the loan; and the sooner we come out into the full, chill blast, the better for the people, and the better for the Government as well.

G. D. H. Cole

EDUCATIONAL INSPECTION

[The inspection of independent schools for purposes of "recognition as efficient" was suspended during the war. Inspection of these schools has now been reintroduced. The system of voluntary inspection will continue to operate until Part III of the Education Act becomes operative.]

If we believe that H.M. Inspectors have lessons of value to bring to our schools, it is worth while to try to answer the question, "What hope is there, in schools not in receipt of State aid, that their message may not fall on stony ground?" Three experiences of such inspections have been useful in trying to find the answer to that question.

My first experience may be dismissed briefly. After one day in the school, the inspectors advised the headmaster to withdraw his application for inspection, since any report they might make could contain nothing but adverse criticism. They gave him advice about the most glaring faults in the school and suggested that, when these had been eradicated, he should apply for inspection again. Naturally enough, the true facts of this "inspection" were never divulged, and indeed the school magazine in the following term succeeded even in making an advertisement out of them without telling a single downright lie:

it was recorded that the school had been inspected, and by the use of circumlocutions and vague generalisations it was implied that the fact that the inspectors had remained for only one day reflected some credit on the school, since in most cases two or three days were necessary for them to assure themselves that everything was as it should be. Within three years, however, the school, very rightly, had to close down.

My second experience occurred when I was teaching classics in the top forms of a large preparatory school in the South of England. This was a genuine establishment in that the headmaster and all the staff worked conscientiously for what they believed to be the good of the boys, and all of us (boys and masters) had a healthy respect, and (I think) love, for the headmaster. But I cannot believe that by Board of Education standards the school was a good one.

I had been at the school for five years when the inspection took place. Scholarship results had been excellent and I felt thoroughly satisfied with my work. I was therefore rather upset when the inspector, after three visits to my classroom, where I had on each occasion been painstakingly correcting the written work of the boys one by one, came to my desk and asked me quietly if I ever taught them anything.

I looked at him blankly.

"I'd like," he said, "to hear you teach the whole class something."

So I gave the class my usual talk about the passive of intransitive verbs, tested them verbally on the rules I had taught them, and when they had successfully answered my questions, turned to the inspector for his appreciation of my efforts.

"Do you mind," he asked, "if I take the class for a few minutes?"

He turned to the boys, who doubtless wondered what else could be said about a rule which they obviously knew so well. He said:

"Did it ever strike you to wonder *why* these verbs take the dative and *why* we have to turn them round in this extraordinary way when we use them in the passive?"

The boys looked at him as blankly as I had done. Of course they hadn't wondered. I had told them that these weird things were done—things, after all, no weirder than other things which the Romans did—and they had enough confidence in me to take my word for it.

But soon the blank looks disappeared and interest was aroused. Both the boys and I began to understand, perhaps for the first time, that Latin did not consist entirely of arbitrary rules and a "cussed system of equivalents." I learnt more about teaching in that half-hour than I had learnt in all my ten years' previous experience.

Nevertheless, I believe that at the time we all took the view that of course these inspectors were quite right in a way, but that they simply did not understand the amount of work we had to get through in order to achieve scholarship results, and that, if we tried to adopt their methods, scholarship successes would be fewer.

Before they left, the inspectors had a long talk with the headmaster, putting up to him suggestion after suggestion. After listening to them for nearly two hours, he said that he supposed that there was now no hope of being recognised as efficient. The inspectors were aghast. "Efficient!" they cried. "Efficient! My dear sir, there isn't the slightest question about it. Of course you will be recognised as efficient."

And so we went back to our old ways. When the report arrived, we read with pride the allusions to our keenness and paid not too much attention to more dubious remarks. There would be no further inspection for ten years.

My next experience of inspection came in my second term as a headmaster. By this time I had joined the ranks of the would-be reformers myself, but in some ways we had had to go slow. Parents had sent their boys to the school, presumably because they had liked the way in which it was run, and we could not afford to risk losing boys by outstripping public opinion.

It was not until this inspection that I realised the immense amount of knowledge which two inspectors can gain about a school in the course of a couple of days' visit. Before they arrived, I had to send details about the number of boys, analysed into forms and age groups, the number and qualifications and experience of the teaching staff, records of all boys who had left in the last three years, and information about the fees. They also required certificates from the sanitary inspector and the city fire chief. The inspectors themselves I found friendly and anxious to help. They encouraged any small signs of enlightenment that existed and condemned what was obsolete. They showed approval of my efforts to replace the older text books, refused to be impressed by the charts and specimens of our natural history teacher (because, as they said quite frankly, they could not be sure that they were not put out especially for their benefit), they asked what help I gave to the one inexperienced member of the staff, and in their quest for knowledge about us were not to be thwarted.

No one could help seeing that they were anxious to do all they could to induce a more enlightened outlook in the schools they visited, and yet one knew all the time that if the premises were adequate, the staff conscientious (even if quite untrained) and the boys reasonably well fed and happy, they would not advise the Board to withhold recognition. They were prophets, not law-makers, and like most prophets they lacked sanctions by which they could compel attention. They could be of enormous help to those who would listen, but too often, one felt, they cried in the wilderness because they had no power to force the unwilling to change.

The lessons from all this are two. "State Interference" is unpopular with a great many of the class who are in control of private schools. Yet, if I employ six men in the back room of my house to manufacture toys or trinkets, both the room itself and my treatment of my employees must conform by law to certain standards. But if I choose instead to "educate" sixty boys, no such control from outside can be forced on me unless I ask for it. And secondly, until inspection becomes compulsory, parents should always prefer a school which has received a fairly good report with a few adverse criticisms to one which has not been inspected by the Ministry.

C. F. RATHBONE

TRUSTEESHIP OR ANNEXATION?

So the Russians are boycotting the newly established Trusteeship Council, as they have boycotted so many other parts of the United Nations' enterprise. That is deplorable if we assume—as we should—that the Russians mean, not less sincerely than the other parties, to contribute disinterested service. It is also understandable on the assumption that the Russians are chiefly concerned to represent themselves as champions of true internationalism in face of the rapacious demands of a naughty imperialistic capitalism.

Whichever explanation we may choose, we should realise that, in this matter, the principle which the Russians have been defending is a very important one, and that recent developments have been such as to justify great anxiety, if not scepticism, about the whole system of trusteeship, especially "strategic" trusteeship under present conditions.

The United States has submitted a draft Agreement for their trusteeship of the Pacific Islands formerly held by Japan. There are some 650 islands and over 300 atolls, spread right across the Western Pacific and including the Ryuku Islands, but not the Kuriles. Article 15 of the American draft says:—

> The terms of the present agreement shall not be altered, amended or terminated without the consent of the administering authority (i.e., the United States).

That would mean that the Americans could veto any decision by the Security Council that the trust should be ended or amended. The "trusteeship" could be made irrevocable and unchangeable, at the discretion of the Trustee, contrary to the judgment of the guardian.

If that proposal is accepted, the distinction between "strategic trusteeship" and outright annexation will be too unsubstantial for the layman's comprehension. If it be accepted, how can the Security Council be sure of being able to carry out its obligation under Article 83, para. 1, of the Charter? This says:

> All functions of the United Nations relating to strategic areas, including the approval of the terms of the Trusteeship agreements and of their alteration or amendment, shall be exercised by the Security Council.

The Soviet delegate proposed this amendment of the American draft:

> The terms of the present agreement may be altered or amended, or the term of validity discontinued, by the decision of the Security Council.

This has, so far, been rejected by the Americans. But surely something like this is indispensable if the whole plan of strategic trusteeship is not to be discredited as a camouflage for annexation. Trusteeship should serve to facilitate a general pooling of power, a transfer of certain keys of power to supra-national control; it should restrict the dangers inherent in nationalist competition for exclusive command of key positions. The American proposal represents simply a continuance of the old game of power politics.

That is not all. The American plan (Article 3) proposed that the U.S. should have "full power of administration, legislation and jurisdiction over the territory, subject to the provisions of this agreement, *as an integral part of the United States. . .*" The Soviet delegate proposed deletion of the words in italics; and this has been accepted by the Americans. But there is no amendment of Article 9, which says that the U.S. "shall be entitled to constitute the trust territory into a customs, fiscal or administrative union or federation with the territories under U.S. jurisdiction, or to establish common services between such territories and the trust territory where such measures are not inconsistent with the basic objectives of the international trusteeship system and with the terms of this agreement."

Apparently, the effect of this ambiguously drafted formula would be to allow all the islands to be treated on the same basis as Hawaii for Customs, shipping laws, aviation, etc. Here right across the Pacific there might be no "Open Door" but the most complete "Imperial Preference." So there has been the odd spectacle of Sir Alexander Cadogan challenging the Americans to drop Imperial Preference and seeking to maintain, as the League's mandate system rightly did, the principle of equality of trading opportunity in colonial territories.

Lastly, look at Article 13. "The provisions of Articles 87 and 88 of the Charter shall be applicable to the trust territory provided that the administering authority may determine the extent of their applicability in any areas which may from time to time be specified by them as closed for security reasons." The Articles referred to provide for reports from the administering authorities, petitions and periodic visits of inspection. The American plan would allow the U.S. authorities to suppress these requirements of the Charter in any areas which they may choose to designate as "closed for security reasons." Whose security? That of the United States as judged by the United States alone? Or that of the community of nations, with the U.S.A. as its agent?

Britain, it may be said, is in a weak position for protesting against this creation of new strategic bases, held by one nation exclusively as instruments of its national policy. We hold so many such bases ourselves. But we are signatories of the Atlantic Charter and United Nations Charter. Our Labour Government does stand for a policy, however cautious, of transfer of certain keys of power to supra-national control. We have a right and a duty to express deep concern when those Charters are stultified, and when that policy is thwarted by new extensions of militant nationalism.

W. ARNOLD-FORSTER

MR. BONHOMME

I WAS cooking breakfast for eight lunatics and their attendants one morning, when Mr. Bonhomme suddenly chose to hear the voice of God. He could not possibly have picked a worse time. A wet June in the Cape Province is no joke: the winter rains come wholeheartedly, no pardon me about it, the heavens open up and empty themselves. And it was into one of these deluges, soon after sun-up, that Mr. Bonhomme chose to get himself called by his Almighty.

The new-risen sun was flooding the kitchen with a red and glassy glow, I had just popped ten eggs into the pan to fry, and was shifting the thing around to get their bottoms well and truly settled, the six little black kitchen girls were off on their early-morning spree filching brown sugar and mutton chops from cupboards I hadn't got my eye on, when Ankie, through a mouthful of purloined food, remarked:

"Mr. Bonamy out in the rain, Missus."

These old Huguenot names get distorted in the Cape: we always called him "Mr. Bonamy," whether rightly or wrongly I shall never know.

Sure enough there he was, the poor old bat-wit, standing in the yard beneath the spouting sky, in his mauve and white striped pyjamas. Ecstasy was writ large on his countenance: for the first time in my experience of him he looked really happy. He stood there like a minor prophet, his head tilted, his eyes closed, his palms spread out, and an expression of blissful anticipation on his rain-splashed lips.

"Gracious goodness!" I cried, "he'll catch his death!"

And out I bounced, through the fly-netted door against which all the twenty-three cats of the establishment were busy pressing their faces. They scattered like quicksilver as I plunged through their ranks: I hadn't had the wits to abandon the frying pan, and the eggs hissed furiously as the raindrops got at them.

"Why, Mr. Bonamy!" I cried, taking his arm with my free hand, "you'll get very wet. Whatever made you——"

"God called me from my bed, called me in His great voice like the bell of St. Peter's, told me to come into the yard and listen. Listen!" shouted Mr. Bonhomme, raising his chin (that had a few dispirited hairs he hoped one day to encourage into a beard) and closing his eyes again.

"Oh, no, indeed, Mr. Bonamy, you must be mistaken. He wouldn't have called you out on a day like this."

"God called me, His voice quivered in my very toes, He called me by name."

"Well, that's funny," said I, "that's odd indeed, for Miss Anders went round Heaven this morning, before she came into the kitchen, and she told me nothing about your having been called."

Miss Anders was the matron, and never missed a thing. The only reason she hadn't pounced out on Mr. Bonhomme before I did was that it was some holy day in the High Church calendar, and she, being pious, had taken out her little car at crack of dawn and gone off to the only church in Paarl which offered the spiritual fare she fancied.

"Miss Anders said nothing to you?" asked Mr. Bonhomme, courteously bending down to peer into my face, and then regarding the eggs in a puzzled way, wondering what the devil Cooky was doing holding a fry-pan with ten frying eggs in it at right-angles to the pouring sky.

"She never said a word to me, Mr. Bonamy, and she'll be back from church any minute now to ask what you're doing out in the rain, catching your death."

"It is certain I am not so quick as I used to be," said Mr. Bonhomme, allowing himself to be shoved slowly towards the kitchen door. "I might, perhaps, have mistaken——"

"That's what you did, it's natural enough, with all the noise the rain is making on the roof. It might have happened to anyone. I'll stake my oath that what God really said was: 'Mr. Bonamy, I want you out in the yard next fine morning to do a job for me when the rain's stopped!'"

"Aha! it has stopped!" cried Mr. Bonhomme, halting in his tracks and clutching my arm so suddenly that the eggs leapt. "It's stopped raining altogether, this is my Lord's fine morning. He in His infinite wisdom——"

The old badger was quite right, too; it had stopped raining. Cape rain is like that, turning on and off as if a master hand were at the taps. The sky was still red, but dry; the strengthening sun glowed in the puddles, and illuminated the back ends of the cats who were once more pressed up against the fly-screen, yelling for their breakfasts. The sun was also lighting up the darting form of Spaasie, my worst kitchen girl, as she put a hand across the pantry window and swiped something, I couldn't in my agony see what, from the top shelf.

"Leave that alone, Spassie!" I bellowed, "and get out of the kitchen, all of you. Run to Missus and ask her, Will she come? Tell Missus Cooky says to come to the yard quick, see?"

I knew they were all helping themselves to the eatables and wouldn't budge an inch till I got back and locked the cupboards; but my hope was that the mention of Missus would shake Mr. Bonhomme. She was acid, and Scots, with no respect for either the age or the dignity of the poor elderly infants from whom she drew her living.

Meanwhile Mr. Bonhomme was tugging my arm one way, and the weight of the frying pan was pulling it the other. "Oh, drat the thing!" I shouted, and put it down. Twenty-three ravenous cats at once fell upon it, and that was the last anyone ever saw of the ten fried eggs.

"Now, Mr. Bonamy," said I, really cross, "I do assure you that you're mistaken. God in His wisdom would never call you out on a morning like this, rain one minute, shine the next—and you with a poor chest."

I glared upon him, then at the risen sun, daring it to stay dry a moment longer, and me with Mr. Bonhomme on my hands, breakfast not only unready but eaten by the wrong parties.

The sun winked his red eye, and the heavens gushed again. Down came the water, flattening even Mr. Bonhomme's hair (that in the usual way stood up like a bottle-brush) and plastering his pyjamas once more to his unlovely shanks. Drenching me to the skin, too; but I'd no mind to go squealing about that. Once so wet, you can't get any wetter; and that has been my philosophy throughout.

"God in His wisdom——" began Mr. Bonhomme again.

"——decreed that you should come in out of the rain."

"——called me here to fulfil His inscrutable purpose," went on Mr. Bonhomme.

"Oh, Lord!" I prayed, and at that he bent his head attentively towards me. "Oh, Lord!" I babbled, catching the wrack and drift of his ruined thoughts, "Do Thou in Thy wisdom convince this Thy child Mr. Bonamy that it is Thy will he should come in out of the rain. Do Thou show him by a sign, O Lord!"

We both waited carefully, while the girls in the kitchen threw guavas at one another, and the cats sat back on their haunches round the frying pan and began to clean up their whiskers.

The rain came down again like iron rods, and shook even Mr. Bonhomme. At the same moment an event occurred which shook him even more. Round the bend of the main road, bouncing in a mist of muddy water over the yellow dongas, came Miss Anders' little car on its way back from church. Miss Anders, in her car, charged with the latest, hottest, newest news from Heaven. Even as I hastened to point this out to Mr. Bonhomme, he had cottoned on to the same idea, and was tugging me busily indoors.

We shot through that kitchen like a comet, me hanging on to Mr. Bonhomme's tail lest he should change his mind. Cats and girls scattered before us, there was a squelching of squashed guavas underfoot, I saw as we passed that the milk in the scalding pan was about to boil over—and then we were in Mr. Bonhomme's bedroom, he had dived between the sheets to lie there good as a corpse with his beard jutting up and his eyes sealed.

We had the kitchen more or less ship-shape, the cupboards locked, fresh eggs in the pan, the smell of burnt milk camouflaged by that of sizzling bacon, by the time Miss Anders arrived to cast her gimlet eyes around. On the girls' faces (fed, as they had lately been, with the rarest delicacies) shone smiles of affectionate greeting: on mine, the look of the cat who has found the cream jug.

Yet this was not to be my lucky day. Even as I flicked at a fly with a tea-towel, and saw in horror a filched mutton chop sail out from the folds in which Ankie had rammed it, Miss Anders barked: "Now, now, what's up here? What's happening?"

"Mr. Bonamy—but we've got him to bed again—he's all right——" was all on my tongue to babble, when I followed the direction of her accusing eye. Spaasie, wicked, beautiful Spaasie, dark and glistening as a fruit, was now squatting in the dark corner by the wash-kettle, with a rapt expression on her face, manifestly preparing to give birth. Spaasie was never the girl to choose her moment, and she was now about to become a mother on the kitchen floor.

When we had liquidated that incident, Miss Anders and I, the second breakfast was spoiling, the twentieth egg blackening in the fry-pan, the kitchen full once again with the blue burn of milk, Mr. Bonhomme and his God forgotten as if they had never been. As I started for the third time to cook breakfast for a dozen souls, bat-witted or not made no matter, Mr. Bonhomme and his Call seemed somehow very far away, as if they had never really happened, as if, perhaps, I had dreamed the lot, between breakfast and breakfast, one wet South African day.

SARAH CAMPION

FRAGMENT FROM MOSCOW

Ere that Aprille, with her shoures sote,
The roofs of Muscovy hath perced to the rote,
Minystres of ferne landes, smal and grete,
Come prycking into Ruce, to maken trete.

A Marishal ther is, a parfit gentil knight,
In Pentagoon did long direct the fight.
Then Cathay's Chiang did he advise ful fetisly
(Entuning in his nose ful semely).
Of newe lyf he stondeth at the parvys—
A Treweman choyce, to ren his Forcyn Sarvys.
Now he has liever at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak and reed,
Of Markys, Smuts and swich philosophye,
Than dublet twill, with stars, of infanterye.
He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen
That seith, that soldiers been nat steytesmen.

A Beven is ther, woning fer by weste
And of the Englysh pilgrims he is alderbeste.
His breadth of mynd is mesure to his girth.
For aught I woot, he is of Wandysworth.
Some seye he wolde castels make in Spayne
And dreme of joye (al but in vayne),
Or springen cokkel in the clene corn
Of Ruce's litel bit of Allemaun.

Booth these, withouten other companye,
Have conscience cler as is the dayes eye.
But Stalyn knoweth (eke Beven)
To maken trete ner has heven.
And therfore in the Kremlin walls, my brother,
Ech for himself; ther is non other.

Yet, if discord, nat agrement, sal userp the hyer hond
And leve the situation al at sea in every lond,
Lat noe man seye, in sadness, that the pilgrims came in vayne;
For at leyst the watre-closyts work in my hostell agayne.

AUBREY WALKER

The Arts and Entertainment

CUBISM

NEXT week the whole of this column will be devoted to the incomparable exhibition of French tapestries at the Victoria and Albert. Meanwhile, at least one exhibition in London deserves attention: this is the "Cubist spirit in its time" at the London Gallery, which will remain open till May 3rd. The organisers of this exhibition have not succeeded in collecting together all the most important Cubist pictures available to them in this country. The heroic *coup de grâce* delivered to the already tottering figure of realism by Picasso and Braque in the years between 1908 and 1913 could have been re-enacted in the three rooms of the London Gallery like a Jacobean play, if a thorough attempt had been made to penetrate a few private collections in London. Roger de la Fresnaye, who was among the first to exploit the decorative possibilities in Cubism, is rationed to two insignificant drawings; whilst Delaunay, Gleizes, Metzinger and Lhote, who made distinguished contributions to the movement, are not represented at all, probably because, as the Surrealists would claim, they failed to progress far beyond it. The pictures and objects have been chosen with an eye on Dada and Surrealism, which accounts for the inclusion, legitimate in this case, of a curious little oil painting by Man Ray, where the forms are made up exclusively out of his own name and the date 1914, in the same way as once Gertrude Stein in a whimsical moment wrote a "poem" consisting entirely in the repetition of its title. This bias in favour of later artistic developments explains the undeservedly prominent part that Picabia and Duchamp are permitted to play. Picabia's panorama of New York upside down, fascinating though it may be as a milestone on the road to intellectual anarchy, is not characteristic of the Cubist spirit in its time, any more than are the "excerpts from the Duchamp Valise."

It is true that all revolutionary movements in our century have carried with them the seeds of decay, but if we were able to set ourselves down, not in about 1925 as the London Gallery does, searching eagerly for traces of Dada before Dada was invented, but at the outbreak of the First World War, we should find that we were impressed not by the levity of Cubism but by its uncompromising austerity; and this impression would be nearest to the truth. A few Picassos and Braques of the early analytical period of Cubism are sufficiently well selected to recreate for us the solemn as well as the revolutionary atmosphere of those days, and to persuade us that the task involved in shattering a tumbler into spiky fragments and then reassembling it in a new, significant form, could not be undertaken in any light-hearted spirit. The meagre repertory of objects represented in a Cubist picture—I write of the earlier period only, since later the austerity was relaxed—confined to the studio floor, the café table and two or three common words from newspaper headlines and tobacco packets; whittled down even further by the fact that they had to conform to certain shapes borrowed from geometry, far fewer than the shapes in nature, and by the fact that the gaps between them had to be as carefully planned as the objects themselves; the narrow range of browns and greens; the almost total eclipse, for a short time, of the individual personality within the group—these are some of the indications of the extent to which this so-called liberating movement imposed conformity on its members. Artists, faced for the first time in the history of civilised man with the problem of deliberately inventing their own forms, far from finding themselves in a position at last to go their own way, saw the necessity of abiding by rules imposed by their high priest, the genius Picasso; and the success of their wonderful adventure is due, not to their freedom to be outrageous, but to their voluntary submission to a singularly austere regime.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

RADIO NOTES

"THAT which we do to others, we do also to ourselves." Charles Kingsley? No, but the implicit averment of psycho-analysis, as set forth—sensibly, urbanely, with a lack of intellectual arrogance altogether admirable—by the anonymous therapist of last week's talks. "L'Enfer, c'est les autres." Perhaps: but it does not require two to make a hell, as any neurotic will tell you. The statements of neurotics are naturally suspect, yet there are many, otherwise sensible, people to whom psycho-analysis is still the Scarlet Woman, to be feared and avoided very much as "Rome" was feared and avoided by Low Churchmen in the 19th century. Neither last week's talks, nor Mr. Kenneth Alexander's excellent feature, Dreams, preached to the converted; for which we may be thankful. The programmes were complementary; and in so far as the "demonstration" was wildly foreshortened, the analyst's description of his methods served to indicate some of the stages which, in the hypothetical case history, had perforce to be omitted. Both programmes brought out the importance, in analytical technique, of compelling the patient to help himself, thus suggesting yet another phase of therapy which is very generally misunderstood. I need not insist on the suitability of the flash-back technique of radio to the unmasking of psychological complexities; but, as in any other detective thriller, the dramatic tension has to be skilfully preserved—and here was so, by a script and production which were markedly free of theatrical fuss and exaggeration. Those who agree with me that in compounding so palatable an electuary Mrs. Pain added a very difficult success to her already impressive score, will also have reflected that these three broadcasts, good though they were, only scratched the surface of an absorbing and vastly important subject. It is to be hoped that the Third Programme will one day be permitted to broadcast, in serial form, a single case—comparable with that described in Mr. Charles Berg's recent book, *Deep Analysis*. Carefully and seriously undertaken, such a broadcast would not only be of the highest interest and value: it would also be unfailingly dramatic. As a footnote to this encomium I might add that, for the benefit of harassed listeners who prefer to *read* non-"personality" talks, the *Radio Times* should be asked to mark with an "L" all such broadcasts as are due eventually to be printed in *The Listener*.

The *Hamlet* programme was rather like a game of French-and-English: each side captured hostages, and it would be hard to say which won. The fact is that French acting in this kind of play differs *in toto* from the English equivalent. Nothing would induce me to decide between Mr. Alec Guinness and M. Jean-Louis Barrault: the first was a Holbein, the second a Delacroix, and each was superbly right according to the conventions of the language in which he spoke. I shall no more forget the quiet and thoughtful poignancy of Mr. Guinness's performance than I shall forget M. Barrault's Wagnerian crescendi and the rueful tenderness with which he spoke the lines beginning: "Rejetez la part mauvaise" (I quote from memory). The two Queens were easier to assess. No doubt because she has been acting the part opposite M. Barrault for some time now, Marie-Hélène Dasté struck me as being right in the centre of it; whereas Miss Martita Hunt, who has too good a style ever to speak badly, nevertheless gave a performance which must have seemed colourless and tentative in any language. Taken all in all, this broadcast was a fascinating experience; but what are we to say of Mr. Raymond Raikes's idea of ushering in the programme by "trailing" the voices one after another, as in a film, reinforced with unnecessary music? Might he not have taken for granted that listeners to this kind of programme would be acquainted with the play? And need the recording

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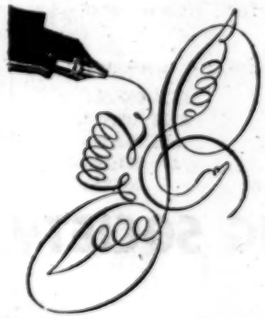

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have drawn quite so much attention to itself, by subsidiary noises and changes of level?

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THEATRE

"Othello," at the Piccadilly Theatre

I unluckily came in late on one of those senatorial functions which Shakespeare favours for plot purposes. Othello was justifying his wooing of Desdemona. Mr. Hawkins looked very dark and dignified but showed some tendency to linger huskily over his final syllables; and since Othello has to take charge of the poetry, this looked like a flaw. Desdemona seemed adequate, but Mr. Quayle's comely face appeared too cherubic for Iago, and a small beard, so far from adding a little Mephistophelian depth to his face, merely made it more difficult to see its expression.

In fact as soon as Iago began to soliloquise and to tell us his own reasons for his villainy, it was obvious he was not going to be Satanic in the grand sense at all. Here was not motiveless malignity (Coleridge), not love of power (Hazlitt), not a puzzled desire to explain himself to himself (Bradley), but straightforward jealousy and suspicion, obscured only by a piece of perspectiveless malignity in the scenic background and a murkiness of lighting which made one fear that this was going to be another of those pitch-dark productions now so much in vogue.

However, the lights were soon switched on for Cyprus, and the production began to take a better shape. Mr. Geoffrey Keen knew exactly how to act Cassio, and the scenes in which he appeared came to life astonishingly. Miss Compton, in her different way, was equally sure what she wanted to do with Emilia. Mr. Hawkins was soon, perhaps too soon, in full spate, giving some hint of the poetry, and more than a suggestion of the power of his lines, even if he refused to follow the advice given by Tree to the actor playing Macbeth ("Don't use all your voice, Walter, till you come to 'hang out our banners'"). But we were beginning to see that in Miss Elizabeth Kentish was a remarkable Desdemona. Shakespeare's power of making precise such gigantic generalities as youth and innocence is best seen in this character: but that does not make it easier for the actress to suggest these qualities. Miss Kentish succeeds, especially, in portraying Desdemona's slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, which Dr. Johnson admired so much. In the later scenes, too, Iago improves, and suggested well, as he exulted, the affinity between the joys of destruction and creation.

It has been said that Miss Compton's beautifully precise diction and gesture "show up" modern acting. I believe this too, or, rather, I am sure that the two styles do not fit. Once or twice on this occasion I think Miss Compton was to blame. When, for instance, she draws attention to the effectiveness of a sweeping exit by lifting her arm above her head and giving the door a gracefully forceful shove somewhere in the region of its number plate, we are reminded of what amounts to a fault in the older style. Miss Compton in this part seems almost too powerful. It is impossible to understand why Emilia does not own up before about the handkerchief (thereby preventing all the tragedy) unless it is suggested either (a) that Emilia hopes for marital satisfaction from Iago, or (b) that she is afraid of him. Miss Compton did not suggest the first; and there was no chance, no possible chance, of this particular Emilia being afraid of this particular Iago.

STEPHEN POTTER

A NOTABLE PIANIST

THE forty-seventh "concert de musique française," given last Sunday at the Wigmore Hall, brought two new artists to London: the soprano, Irène Joachim and the pianist, Marie-Thérèse Fourneau. Both are young, and the latter proved to be something of a find: we have had a spate of brilliant new pianists since the war, but none more truly musical than Mlle Fourneau.

In the course of years the Wigmore Hall Bösendorfer has acquired some dry patches, particularly in the treble. Notwithstanding this handicap, Mlle Fourneau's tone always caressed, and never assaulted, the ear; what made her playing of Fauré so memorably beautiful was her realisation that, with all its subtlety, it is essentially the music of the drawing-room. Her handling of the melodic contours (especially in the lovely *Twelfth Barcarolle*) was extremely distinguished; and in the *First Valse-Caprice* she displayed not only exemplary neatness but a rythmical zest which is the musical equivalent of wit. In the first of Debussy's *Twelve Etudes* this wit spilled over into a brilliant extravagance at which the audience almost had to laugh; and she played five more of the set with a precision, a point and a tonal beauty that made one wonder why these entrancing patterns of pure sound should ever have been thought dull.

In between these excitements Mlle Joachim, who is known to us by radio and gramophone as a highly accomplished Mélisande, sang groups of Fauré and Debussy in a curiously dull and listless style, frequently cutting short the last note of the phrase, and apparently unaware of any need to vary the colour of her intrinsically agreeable soprano to suit the varying mood of the poems. What was odder still, for an opera singer, was that she should have found it necessary to keep her eyes glued to the printed sheet for nine-tenths of each song: a system which effectively prevents the development of any vital contact between singer and audience. Surely a soprano who has mastered five acts of Debussyan recitative can manage to get by heart *Les Roses d'Ispahan* and *Clair de lune*?

On the previous day the Jacques String Orchestra chose an interesting programme, including two clarinet concertos, admirably performed by Frederick Thurston: one by the 18th-century Mannheim composer Stamitz, and the other written ten years ago by Alan Rawsthorne—not one of his happiest works but good in patches. Dr. Jacques seems oddly indifferent to the actual quality of tone produced by his players, and especially to its effect in the confined space of the Wigmore Hall; some of the themes in a Mozart *Divertimento* were roughly handled, and the strings showed a general tendency to "saw away regardless" which lent almost too much point to a remark in the programme that many 18th-century orchestras "habitually played *forte* throughout."

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

BALLET

"La Fête Etrange," at Sadler's Wells Theatre

La Fête Etrange was created for the London Ballet in May, 1940, by Andrée Howard. The present version is more reconstruction than revival; some characters are added, the score is orchestrated and a new decor has been provided by Sophie Fedorovitch. June Brae as the Bride is perfectly suited to the work, her phrasing of movement is delicate and her acting impeccable. Donald Britton as the youth showed the mystery and fascination of first love. The complex movement patterns tend to occasional blurring, probably due to the additional number of Guests which brings overweight to some of the dance-figures; for this psychological drama makes most of its effect out of the constantly forming and re-forming groups which should hold the beautiful fascination of crystals building, multiplying and dissolving. The lighting was excellent, revealing the dancing without inflicting harshness on the spectral and autumnal landscape; Miss Fedorovitch's set and costumes have a simplicity and neatness which signify great skill in designing. The wiry clarity of Fauré's piano themes (nocturnes, barcarolles and impromptus) is exchanged for an orchestration in which thick string-writing predominates.

A. V. COTON

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Correspondence

THE ECONOMIC CASE FOR EDUCATION

SIR,—Your article on "The School Age" is very welcome, and the argument is valid for the whole field of education. Our prosperity can no longer be based upon a 50-years' advantage in industry and trade, nor upon colonial cheap labour. Instead we must rely upon the skill and productivity of our own people, making the fullest use of science and technique at all levels. We must break for ever with the idea that education is a luxury, the first casualty in hard times, or a privilege restricted to a small minority. In the long term, all education is an investment in the future of Britain; but in the field of higher education this is true of the short term as well.

Before the war there were voices in the wilderness asking why the proportion of University students in our population was lower than in any other advanced industrial country, and five times lower than in the U.S.A.; why we spent only 0.1 per cent of our national income on scientific research, as compared with 0.6 per cent in the U.S.A. and 0.8 per cent in the U.S.S.R.; why we allowed most of our research and a good part of our teaching at University level to be planned according to the private needs of industry or the whims of philanthropists. Nobody wants to return to those conditions, but have we a real Development Plan for High Education to put in their place?

In numbers the Universities have grown from 50,000 pre-war to 65,000 today; exact figures for the Technical Colleges are not easily available, but no doubt they have also expanded. I believe this rate of increase must be at least maintained, and that in line with the recent report of the Parliamentary and Scientific Committee we should set targets of 100,000 by 1950 and 150,000 by 1955. I suggest the permanent long-term target should be not less than 250,000, to include all types of full-time higher education.

Such targets can be reached, but they will require a number of new Universities as well as the complete transformation of many of the smaller Colleges existing today. It will not be sufficient for each foundation to draw up its own scheme without co-ordination, and it is accepted that the National Exchequer must find most of the money. It is disquieting to read in Hansard, that, in accepting the University Grants Committee's estimate of £40 million required for new buildings in the next five years, Dr. Dalton also accepted the verdict of the Minister of Works that in all probability only £20 million worth can be accomplished. Surely emergency measures must be taken to ensure that shortages of building labour and materials do not keep out of the Universities thousands of students whose abilities when trained are so sorely needed by the community.

I realise that numbers aren't everything, and the same sense of urgency is needed in introducing the changes that will maintain and improve our standards. Some courses are out of date, others are far too abstract, others again are too narrowly specialised. The spirit of reform that is now working on school-leaving examinations needs to be felt in the University world as well. The necessary changes are possible today because the University authorities are in the main coming to recognise more clearly their social responsibilities.

Of course, you are right to stress that the economic case is "not the whole case for education, which is bound up with the case for democracy and for treating human beings as ends and not merely as means." For this reason, if for no other, Socialists must have a University policy, which will end privilege and fling open the gates of knowledge to all who wish to enter. The Unions can help by studying the needs of their own trades and by demanding special-entry schemes for workers from industry. After all, the great majority of the new students, and of the technical and professional workers of tomorrow, must come from working-class boys and girls.

C. MEREDITH,
Student Labour Federation,
21 Bedford Chambers, (Publicity Secretary).
Covent Garden, W.C.2.

VISITORS FROM AMERICA

SIR,—The alarm displayed by your correspondent, Mr. Charles Esam-Carter, at the arrival of 250,000 visitors to Great Britain during the coming year is unnecessary.

I do not propose to enter into an argument about the economics of tourism in the limited space at my disposal, but will content myself by quoting from a statement made by Lord Keynes shortly before his death: ". . . . in the long run, if we take adequate measures to develop the tourist industry up to its full potentialities, this source of overseas income, both here and in the Empire, may be very great."

Such income, I need hardly add, will be a valuable addition to our national resources as the dollar receipts would give us added purchasing power abroad to keep up the supplies of raw materials needed for our visible exports and for the purchase of other goods to improve our standard of living.

We happen to know from personal contact through the visits of our members to the United States and through conversations with travel agents over there, that Americans desire to visit us despite the conditions which prevail over here, and of which, I might say, they are well informed. The bulk of this year's American tourists will comprise not so much of the "vacationist type" who are out solely for a good time, but of those Americans who have friends and relatives here whom they have not seen for six or seven years.

Your correspondent goes to great length in detailing our alleged shortcomings. Strange as it may seem to him, a large number of Americans do not want to see British institutions "Americanised." Only the other day there was a complaint from an American that instead of finding himself in "the small, intimate compartment" of the English railway carriage, he found himself in a modern coach similar to that used on the American railroads!

During his recent tour of the United States and Canada, our Chairman, Lord Hacking, made clear to all the audiences he addressed the true position as it exists in Britain today—even the state of our laundry services. Notwithstanding this, we were assured that Americans would visit us all the same, a fact which is borne out by the heavy bookings which are at present being made on the other side. It is not, and never has been, the policy of this Association to "mislead" foreign tourists. LYSTER ROBINSON,
The Travel Association, Press Officer.
6 Arlington Street, London, S.W.1.

ATOMIC CONTROL

SIR,—In your editorial comment on Atomic Control in the March 22nd issue, there are, I think, two impressions given which are misleading:—

(1) The sane and generous proposals of the Lilienthal Report were vitiated by Mr. Baruch's introduction of the veto controversy for political reasons. I am quite certain that the whole system of A.D.A., as originally devised, was that the inspection and control of nuclear development should not be subject to national interference. I have not the material at hand to quote chapter and verse, but I remember, in commenting on the Lilienthal Report in the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists, Edward A. Shils discussed at length whether the Russians would accept this encroachment on their national sovereignty: this was long before (April, 1946) the issue became an international one. It may be, it is true, that Mr. Baruch has overemphasised the veto issue: but there is no question that it is implicit in the Lilienthal proposal. Recently Lilienthal himself, giving evidence

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before the Senate Committee, said, "I am in full, complete and 100 per cent agreement with the Baruch-Austin proposals." This is hardly the statement of a man whose proposals have been vitiated by malign politicians.

(2) "Finally, we should demand that America stops making bombs . . . ."

It may be worth emphasising that the fabrication and dismantling of atom bombs is a negligible matter. The really difficult job is the production of fissile material: the assembly of this material into bombs is, relatively speaking, child's play. We can hardly expect U.S.A. to stop producing fissile material, i.e., turn her back on nuclear power. So that while the dismantling of the bombs is a matter which may impress the ignorant, it will not, I hope, Sir, impress the readers of NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SCIENTIST

CHARLES AND CROMWELL

SIR,—Since many of your readers will see Mr. Trevor-Roper's delightfully self-revealing review of "Charles and Cromwell" without reading the book, perhaps I might be permitted to call attention to a slight potential misunderstanding about a matter of fact.

The "curiously assorted bibliography" he instances is specifically of relevant books published *since* 1928 and therefore not included in the Davies *Bibliography* which contains all my sources (including Gardiner).

To discriminate between these contemporary workers in the same field as myself (including Mr. Trevor-Roper) appeared to me neither necessary nor courteous. Where there is a conflict of opinion on an important point between secondary authorities—e.g., between Abbott and Gardiner on the dating of a letter vital for the understanding of Cromwell's movements—it is discussed in a footnote.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

34 Dorset Square, N.W.1.

FRENCH COMMUNISTS

SIR,—Mr. Koestler's memory may be good; but he forgets that that great patriot, M. Bonnet, told the German Ambassador months before war broke out that he intended, when it did, to suppress the Communist Party. He also forgets that *l'Humanité* was suppressed a week before the outbreak of war.

It may be wrong not to bang the patriotic drum when your paper is banned and you are going to be imprisoned anyway; but it is not unintelligible.

53 Victoria Road, ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON
Oxford.

B.B.C. RELIGION

SIR,—I would like to congratulate your correspondent for his courage and clarity of mind in raising what is surely one of the most urgent issues in the intellectual life of modern Britain, and thank the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for publishing it.

There seems to be an extraordinary conspiracy of silence surrounding the question of our "official religion." Is not the latter in a most equivocal position, and are we not, freethinkers and Christian alike, guilty of encouraging intellectual dishonesty by allowing the present state of affairs to continue unchallenged?

What are the facts? With the possible exception of the Scandinavian nations, but not excepting Soviet Russia, we are surely the most irreligious people in the world. By "religious" I mean church-going, however desultory, or organised membership of a religious body, however lukewarm. Any other definition is sophistry, or shirking the issue. Furthermore, even among Christians there is the widest diversity of doctrinal opinion. Yet, in our State education, in official ceremonies, on the B.B.C., and in the press, the small religious minority (and even smaller C. of E. group) enjoy a near-monopoly of expression. We are to believe that (1) the basic tenets of Christianity, whatever they are, are unassailable and beyond discussion, and (2) we are a Christian people. This disparity between official fiction and actual fact must present a strange problem to children.

Strangest of all, however, is the mealy-mouthed reluctance, on the part of the ordinary free-thinking person, to challenge such unnecessary absurdities as the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice and virgin birth.

76 Stuart Avenue, R. L. HINE
South Harrow, Middlesex.

CATHOLIC CONTROVERSY

SIR,—While agreeing with Fr. Martindale that "it was a pity" that Dr. Coulton was so positive to begin with about Dr. Lea's virtues as an historian, I do not think that Fr. Martindale is accurate when he says that Fr. Thurston "more than made good his challenge" in the Lea affair. By the terms of this challenge ("*any* ten consecutive pages" in Lea's book) Dr. Coulton would have been entitled to choose the ten most invulnerable consecutive pages in the book and to require Fr. Thurston to find ten errors in them. This he did not do. Instead he sent Fr. Thurston ten consecutive pages chosen at random by Professor Moore: and Fr. Thurston did not at last agree to fulfil his "challenge" until these ten pages had been in his possession for some days in which he had plenty of time to study them.

I notice that Fr. Martindale is silent about the surprising Catholic controversial methods against which I protested last week. This also seems "a pity." JOHN V. SIMCOX

84 West Side,
Clapham Common, S.W.4.

CHILD PRISONERS IN SPAIN

SIR,—We feel we should draw the attention of readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to a further example of the inhumanity of the Franco regime; an example which concerns us particularly because the International Youth Council exists to safeguard the interests of young people in all countries.

It is the case of seven boys and two girls, all between the ages of 15 and 18, who at the moment are imprisoned in Madrid under sentence of death. One of the girls—aged 16—has become insane as a result of the treatment she has received.

The crux of the matter does not seem to us to be related to the issues of the trial, but rather to the sheer brutality of a decision which is such a flagrant attempt at victimisation of these young people. The protest which is the subject of this letter originated in a motion by the National League of Young Liberals, which was supported by all the representatives of the widely divergent organisations present. It was then incorporated in a Press Statement issued by the Council after the General Meeting at which the information was received.

A deputation was elected from the floor of the meeting and will endeavour to press for the rescindment of the sentence on these youngsters, and representations to the Spanish Embassy and to the Foreign Office will be co-ordinated with attempts to secure British Government intervention through "lobbying" Members of Parliament.

We ask that readers of your paper shall use any influence they have to assist in imposing a restraint upon such barbarous acts.

IRIS E. WILLIAMS (Chairman, International Youth Centre).
PHILIP J. N. HOLBROOK (National Organiser, C.S.C.A. National Youth Committee).
DUNCAN WOOD (National Organiser, National Union of Students).
M. RITCHIE MCINNES (Deputy Junior Mayor, East Ham Junior Town Council).
W. BROOKS (National Organiser, Young Communist League).

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JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE appearance of a second edition of A. J. Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic* (*Gollancz*, 9s.) suggests that the line of thought it represents is soaking into the general consciousness: which means not only that an increasing number of people are liable to talk about logical positivism, but that some of its ideas are likely to be found, in a more or less distorted form, in the minds even of people who have never heard of that doctrine. One may doubt whether it is an unmixed blessing to a philosopher when the diffusion of his ideas reaches this stage. He is likely to be credited with opinions he has never expressed, and he is almost certain to be annoyed by finding opinions that he has expressed floating about the world in garbled and indefensible forms. By the time that people had begun to talk commonly about repressions (almost always wrongly in the sense of inhibitions) psycho-analytical ideas were indeed widely diffused, but they had suffered considerably in the process. When this begins to happen there is usually some strong reason for the spread of the doctrine other than its truth: often a reason that formed no conscious part of the intention of the author. Psycho-analysis became popular largely because it explained people's actions in terms of unconscious mental forces over which they had no control: it thus relieved them of the burden of moral responsibility. Logical positivism is becoming popular largely because it makes people feel that they need no longer worry about many of the questions with which men have traditionally concerned themselves: it thus relieves them of intellectual responsibility. Freud's ostensible intention nevertheless was to increase the area of the mind under conscious control; and Mr. Ayer's to make people take a more, not a less, responsible attitude towards their intellectual operations.

Mr. Ayer says in the introduction to his second edition that the book was written with more passion than philosophers commonly allow themselves to show. The passions, as he himself remarks, are matters for the psychologist: and the psychologist might have something to say about the passion to *écraser l'infâme* that is so evident in these pages—the infamy in this case being partly, as before, theology, but more widely, metaphysics in general. Rhetorically the book is very effective, because it attempts to show not that the statements of metaphysicians are untrue, but simply that they are without meaning. And this is a far more attractive line of attack: for to say that a statement is untrue leaves you the burden of disproving it: while to say that it is meaningless puts you in the happy position of being able to leave it alone, and to suggest that anyone who continues to bother with it is fighting a shadow.

The theme of the book, to put it in its briefest form, is that there are only two kinds of significant statements. The first are purely analytical—the propositions of logic and mathematics: they say nothing about the world of fact but merely analyse the consequences of definitions. The second are propositions which it is possible to verify by observation. All other statements are nonsense, not capable of being either true or false, but simply without meaning. Metaphysical, theological and ethical statements are of this kind. All utterances about the nature of God are nonsensical. So are the statements "all killing is wrong"; "the absolute is incapable of evolution"; and "unicorns are respectful to virgins." For no conceivable observations could do anything to establish their truth or falsehood. The immediate reaction of one who is not a logical positivist is that if this view is correct, the analysis of nonsense assumes a hitherto unsuspected importance. For though many of the propositions which Ayer classes as nonsense have indeed no bearing on anything, many of them have a powerful effect on the way people actually behave. Nobody goes to prison because he believes that the snark is a boojum, but some people have done so because they believe that killing is wrong. If these statements are both nonsense, at least they are nonsense of very different kinds.

Ayer holds that the analysis of nonsense forms no part of the function of philosophy. But it is necessary to analyse it at least sufficiently to distinguish the kind which has an effect on human conduct from the kind which does not. Perhaps the first kind—such propositions as "God is just," or "it is wrong to lie to one's children"—might be called operative nonsense, to distinguish them from such inoperative nonsense as "the phoenix has no feet," or "life is fundamentally triangular." The problem of investigating such operative nonsense cannot be made to disappear by excluding it from philosophy: since it actually affects human behaviour, the examination of it must belong to some department of thought. Ayer would assign it to the social sciences, including psychology. But this is too simple. Obviously some aspects of ethical and metaphysical statements can be examined by anthropology, psychology or social history: what still remains to be proved is that there is no aspect of such statements which is outside the scope of the social sciences. Ayer does not do so: he is a philosopher, and nonsense is not his business: and a decision like this, excluding certain propositions from discussion by anyone but social scientists is clearly not within the scope of the social sciences themselves. The social sciences can describe only how men actually feel and behave; but the examination of operative nonsense might take many forms, some of which would have meaning even within the limits of Ayer's system: it could, for instance, be an analysis of definitions and their consequences; or a verification in actual behaviour of the logical consequences of certain ethical precepts. It may even be that some people who have been accustomed to consider themselves philosophers will choose to devote themselves to this branch of human endeavour, whatever name may be attached to it.

At one time the analysis of ethical and metaphysical statements was very largely left to the priests. Since the Renaissance men have been less inclined to leave it in their hands; and since the Council of Trent the priests have been on the whole less capable of doing it. The secular philosophers have taken their place. Humanitarian feeling, liberal political ideas, the demand for economic justice, although the germs of all of them may be in Christianity, have been mainly developed by the work of secular philosophers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. For the logical positivists, none of this was their proper function: most of the propositions they discussed are nonsense, and in so far as they were philosophers they had no business to be discussing them at all. Metaphysical and ethical statements express only feelings, and feelings cannot be discussed. As metaphysical and ethical statements are only pseudo-propositions, so discussions of them are only pseudo-discussions.

> All that one may legitimately inquire in this connection is "What are the moral habits of a given person or group of people; what causes them to have precisely those habits and feelings?" This inquiry falls entirely within the scope of the existing social sciences.

The short answer to this is that one of the things that cause people to have precisely those habits and feelings is the practice of ethical discussion. Though the application of ethical principles to society may be the job of the social sciences, the formulation of the ethical principles themselves has not commonly been done by social scientists. But of course Mr. Ayer is not really proposing that ethical discussion shall be transferred from philosophy to social science; and if he were, he would not be saying much. It is not worth wasting much time to suggest that the same activity shall be carried on under a different name. What he is really suggesting is that what was formerly called ethical discussion is moonshine, and should no longer be done at all.

There are many methods of suppressing free discussion, and to shoulder a certain class of arguments out of the accepted range of discussable subjects is one of them. This was not, however, the aim of the earlier positivists. The ancestry of logical positivism has been traced back to John Stuart Mill. It is in Mill's logic that we find that a concept or notion is a class of facts, and is only valid if the facts are observable. And here we have the genesis of the principle of verifiability. But Mill was also profoundly liberal, with a passionate belief in the importance of free discussion.

> If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind . . . . All silencing of discussion is an assumption of infallibility. Its condemnation may be allowed to rest on this common argument, none the worse for being common.

Unfortunately this argument is less common than it used to be. It is true that Mill is discussing the silencing of opinion by authority, and here the case is different. But to send ideas to Coventry is also a method of suppression. The professor of philosophy at Padua who refused to look through Galileo's telescope was also trying to silence an opinion: and he would surely be pleased to find his methods so much in vogue at the present day. Nobody is frightened of telescopes any more; but the practice in certain contexts of putting them to a blind eye is becoming increasingly frequent. If you ask a Foreign Office official whether a certain political party ought to be supported, since it is in the habit of imprisoning and torturing its opponents, the answer is that this is "not politically relevant"; and if you know the rules of the game you are supposed to take that for an answer: to refuse to do so would be to exclude yourself from the circle of the wise guys, the people who know that a straight question is never a straight question, but always about something else. Nobody likes to be convicted of asking silly questions, but if anyone should prove so insensitive as to incur the risk, the question still need not be answered; the ground has now been shifted to whether it is silly or not, and the original question can be comfortably forgotten. Mr. Ayer's method of dealing with metaphysical and ethical problems is similar: it takes its place as part of a pretty general movement. It is always satisfactory to be swimming with the stream: one gets along so much faster.

Of course one cannot judge philosophical ideas by the company they keep: but it is often a profitable exercise to follow up their associates, all the same. Here is Mr. Ayer on ethics.

> The presence of an ethical symbol in a proposition adds nothing to its factual content. Thus if I say to someone, "You acted wrongly in stealing that money," I am not stating anything more than if I had simply said "You stole that money." In adding that this action is wrong I am not making any further statement about it. . . . It is clear that there is nothing said here which can be true or false. . . . In saying that a certain type of action is right or wrong I am not making any factual statement, not even a statement about my own state of mind. I am merely expressing certain moral sentiments. And the man who is ostensibly contradicting me is merely expressing his moral sentiments. So that there is plainly no sense in asking which of us is in the right. For neither of us is asserting a genuine proposition.

And here is Mr. James Burnham, in *The Managerial Revolution*, on what he calls ideologies:

> Scientific theories are always controlled by the facts. . . . Ideologies are not controlled by the facts, even though they may incorporate some scientific elements and are ordinarily considered scientific by those who hold them. The primary purpose of ideologies, whether moral or religious or metaphysical or social, is to express human interests, needs, desires, hopes, fears, not to cover the facts. A dispute about scientific theories can always be settled, sooner or later, by experiment and observation. A dispute between rival ideologies can never thus be settled.

The second is clearly a social and historical statement of the more or less logical doctrine expressed in the first. Mr. Burnham does not suggest that this is how ideologies appear to those who hold them. The simple newspaper reader may believe that his social and moral ideas are simply true: but we know better. The real function of ideologies is to express the social interests of a ruling class, and to do it in such a way as to appeal to the sentiment of the masses.

> An ideology would not be of the slightest use as a social cement if it openly expressed its function of keeping the ruling classes in power over the rest of society. The ideology must ostensibly speak in the name of "humanity," "the people," "the race," "the future," "God," "destiny," and so on.

And here we find ourselves in a familiar world: this is the trusted weapon of the Communist undergraduate. We begin to remember that some years ago logical positivism too was pretty popular among Communists (it may still be) because it was so convenient to identify nonsense propositions with opium for the people. But this is not the association of ideas that I wish to point out. Marxism has its own metaphysics, which logical positivism would hardly suit: and Mr. Burnham is not using this idea to support a Marxist thesis. On the contrary, he is suggesting that whatever sort of change is going on in the world today it is not in the direction of a classless society: it is a change to a world dominated by a new class, the managers, who gain power because of technical or administrative skill, who have seen through the naive beliefs of other folk and know how to control them. This is the philosophy of the wide boys, the gang leaders, the more-than-racketeers who have seen through all the rackets. A well-known pseudo-philosopher once suggested that society should be held together by a single noble lie; it is more realistic and more efficient to see that it is held together by a multiplicity of not so much lies as nonsense rhymes: everyone can be taught to recite them and it does not matter whether they are noble or not. The mass need never suspect, indeed must never suspect, the origin or status of these articles of faith. For the managers themselves, some knowledge of their mechanism is to be desired. Logical positivism seems admirably suited to provide it. *Language, Truth and Logic* may yet become the *Summa Theologia* of the managerial society.

GRAHAM HOUGH

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Grimm's Household Tales. Illustrated by MERVYN PEAKE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

When Andrew Lang produced the first of his *Fairy Books* in 1889, fairy tales had almost disappeared from the bookshelves of the Victorian nursery. I ascribe this to fashion rather than to prohibition, for their popularity was presently to return; the real wonder is that a puritanical parent ever allowed them in the house at all. For what is Fairyland but the great wish country where the downtrodden prosper, where a little magic does more than any amount of hard work, where there is no nonsense about forgiving your enemies, and where there is no human problem, not one, that is not solvable with the aid of an obliging bird, frog or aged woman. The Russian stories are particularly rich in these pleasing features, and it is surprising that Afanasiev's legends and folk tales are not better known in this country, where the stories of Perrault, Grimm, Andersen, as well as the myths of ancient Greece and Scandinavia are so familiar as to appear part of our own folk lore.

It is approaching ninety years since Afanasiev began publishing his great collection, and though a few translations have been used by Lang and later editors, it is something of an event to have available at last a new translation of nearly two hundred of his vigorous stories. Some of them will inevitably appear to be old friends in Russian dress: I note, for instance, what might be described as the basic plots of Cupid and Psyche, Binnorie, Cinderella, Dick Whittington, The Taming of the Shrew, and Mr. Beerbohm's Happy Hypocrite. But peculiar to this bold, colourful mythology are certain exciting characters such as Baba Yaga, Koshchey the Deathless, and the Firebird. Baba Yaga, the iron-nosed, makes the most frequent appearance. Her hut, mounted on chickens' legs, faces the forest but will turn round when addressed in certain words. She rides the air in a mortar, guided by a pestle, and sweeps away the traces of her flight with a broom; as she passes, the trees writhe and crack and the wind howls. She owns the fleetest mares in the world; a herdsman who can guard them successfully for three days—no easy task—will gain one. Stranger still is Koshchey, the Skeleton Man, who keeps his death, like the Maiden Tsar's love, in a remote and involved hiding place. Even in the homeliest tales there are unpredictable flashes of imagination which make one understand Pushkin's enthusiasm. ("Each story," he said, "is a poem.") I can think of no parallel to the episode when a poor man, returning humiliated and hungry from a visit to a rich brother, starts singing to keep up his spirits and hears a second voice accompanying him. *Was that you singing in a thin voice?* he asks his wife. *No, it is I, Misery*, is the reply. *I shall never leave you now.*

As is natural in this vast continent, the Russian stories vary considerably with their place of origin. Afanasiev was sometimes casual about noting this, and the present editor, though he gives what he calls a "folkloristic commentary," adds no such enlightening details. But it is clear that stories of such high imaginative order as the magnificent *Maria Morevna* or as *Vasilisa the Beautiful* do not come from the same source as some of the coarse and rambling folk tales in the collection. Yet the crudest have significance. In their very shortcomings they are as good evidence as any of Tolstoi's descriptions of the wretchedness of the humble and circumscribed peasant lives. One story begins:

> While cleaning manure out of a shed, a peasant found some oats. He went to his wife, who was making a fire in the stove, and said, "Now, wife, get busy! Rake up the fire, pour this grain into the stove; then dig it out, pound it and grind it, make a pudding and put it into dishes; I shall go to the king, bring him a dish of pudding, and he may reward me with something."

In another, an old man climbs a prodigious cabbage stalk leading into the sky. What does he find there? A millstone which produces at each turn a feast of bread, sour cream and gruel. A cynical story teller represents Luck saying to a poor peasant: "If you want me to help you, drop your farming and engage in trade. I am not used to your kind of work, but I am well versed in all kinds of business." A fourth story describes a swamp surrounded by a road. "It took three years to travel fast on this road, and if one travelled slowly, even five were not enough." Here the wish fancy is of a practical kind; an old man and his three sons construct a bridge of white hazelwood over the swamp. The only journeying that went on there must have been in such stories as this. And there are other dreams. The unconventional quality of transparency that was sometimes included among the other beauties of the *princesse lointaine* must have been an expression of admiration for the fragile fairness of the aristocrat.

> "I want" (says the youth) "the lovely Swan Maiden to stand before me. And through her body let her bones be seen, and through her bones let it be seen how from bone to bone the marrow flows, like pearls flowed from one vessel to another."

It is understandable that animals, nearer in many ways than the *barin* or the tsar, should be regarded with the greatest friendliness. Do one of them a kindness and the whole of the beast kingdom will be at your service. Children in these stories born of human and animal matings (there are such seal-children in our own northern ballads) are usually possessed of remarkable powers. Buria Bogatyr the Cow's Son, admittedly conceived in the most curious way, is one of the most capable and impressive characters in the book. Women do not fare so well, however. *How a Husband Weaned his Wife from Fairy Tales* (he gives her a sound beating) is a revealing subject for a story-teller. Yet there is a note of unwilling admiration in the account of the priest's daughter, "a clever girl, and very pretty too," who outwitted King Barkhat. She "wore man's clothes, rode horseback, was a good shot with a rifle . . . and was very fond of vodka, and this, as is well known, is entirely unbecoming to a maiden." Here is a foretaste of the new Russia.

These stories have obviously not suffered from re-writing to fit in with literary or moral conventions. They have therefore the great merit of the true fairy tale, that they point no moral. How many writers of so-called fairy tales have avoided the pitfall of allegorical intention? Honest allegory, such as Bunyan's or Spenser's, is never objectionable, but symbolism, particularly of a covert kind, must be anathema to all but the most vitiated youthful taste. An image of Life's journey—that is what the fairy tale should not be. It should have nothing in common with, say, the Victorian *Sylvie and Bruno*, flowing with love, tears and didactic *double entendre*. It has a great deal in common with the two *Alice* books, written twenty years previously by the same author—the only really original invented fairy tales that break none of the rules. Alice has more personality than most of the princes and youngest daughters, but like them she has no sense of the past, no ties, no regrets; she has a code of manners but no sentiment, and a businesslike acceptance of marvels. Moreover, she never travels the same road twice.

It must be a proof of the vitality of these tales that they can override the flatness of Mr. Guterman's translation. The princess who is "rosier than a pink rose" suggests confectionery. "Redder than a red rose" . . . even without Burns and Coleridge that seems to me to have more magic. "Then Vasilisa thought up something" is unpardonable. But for the most part the directness of the original resists spoiling.

> The brave huntsman mounted his valiant horse and rode beyond the thrice ninth land. After some time, a short or a long time, he came to the edge of the world, where the red sun rises from the blue sea. He looked out; on the blue sea Princess Vasilisa was sailing in a silver boat rowed with golden oars. The brave huntsman set his horse loose to roam in the green meadows and eat fresh grass. As for himself, he pitched his golden-topped tent and regaled himself while he waited for Princess Vasilisa.

Nothing can destroy the freshness of that scene. As for the coloured illustrations by A. Alexeiev, they might be a part of the text, so happily do they convey the atmosphere of the stories. They have the additional merit of being many. Looking through this book you may see Finist the Bright Falcon, Prince Ivan and the Firebird riding on the golden-maned horse, a feast served by the invisible hands of the spirit Shmat Razum, Jack Frost the Ruby-nosed, Baba Yaga's hut, lit by the eyes of skulls, and the crone herself with mortar, pestle and broom, Tereshishka, the boy made from a block of wood, the twelve-headed dragon swooping on the three beautiful princesses, Chudo Yudo, the sea monster without hands, without feet, the Maiden Tsar's love in its curious hiding place, and animals of all kinds.

Turning to Grimm we are once more in the familiar, sinister country of the yellow-haired goose girl, the dwarf, the Dürer castle. On a new reading, how much more *literary* than their Russian counterparts do these stories appear, even when Hans and Ivan have identical adventures. And how unmistakably do they reflect the lowering Romantic melancholy of the early nineteenth century. *Jorinda and Joringel*, which, with the Gothic taste of the ten-year-old, I once thought the saddest story in the world, has even now a positively Wertherish air. But the drawings have no mystery. Mr. Peake who, I should have imagined, would have felt a sympathetic attraction to the atmosphere of these tales, has managed to illustrate them with the very minimum of charm

or taste. His princesses, for all their large eyes and wavy hair, would never have been disturbed in their sleep (like that Danish exquisite), by the presence of a bean beneath the mattress. The best of the drawings are those that most resemble Doré; away from this influence Mr. Peake shows a coarseness of fancy that transforms all his characters into clods and churls. So they may be, but it is the business of the illustrator, if he does not heighten the illusion, at least to see the dream with the dreamer's eye.

NAOMI LEWIS

"I KNOW *EVERYTHING*"

Secretary of Europe, The Life of Friedrich Gentz. By GOLO MANN. Translated by W. H. Woglom. *Yale and Oxford Press.* 26s. 6d.

It is not often that one discovers that one has acquired an entirely wrong view of a historical character. I have had a bowing acquaintance in history with Friedrich Gentz for many years. He slinks, a somewhat shadowy figure behind Metternich, in and off the stage all through the Napoleonic era. During the fighting he disappears into the wings, to Vienna, Prague, or some small German town; but as soon as there is an intricate tangle of political intrigue, diplomatic negotiations, or above all a conference or congress, there one will certainly catch a glimpse of Friedrich Gentz in the centre of the stage and yet always in the background. Like Metternich, he is a "reactionary," a pillar of a moribund 18th century, a tottery Legitimacy, a very shaky *status quo*. He reached the summit of his career at the Congress of Vienna, of which he was unanimously chosen secretary or chief of protocol, and so became in fact "Secretary of Europe." That is why, perhaps, my vision of Gentz has always been that of a desiccated diplomat, the supreme drafter of protocols, master of the ambiguous phrase, the ingenious inventor of the Clause or Article which means one thing to one side and the opposite to the other and so can be called a "compromise" and can be signed as a "binding agreement" by both.

The vision is almost entirely false; Gentz was not the least like that; he was on the contrary a very remarkable man, of great intelligence, vitality, and originality. The curious thing is, that I am by no means alone in completely misjudging him. Dr. Mann says that he has come down in history "as one of the most frivolous principals at the frivolous world council (the Congress of Vienna), as a licentious old diplomat, a figure from an operetta; rouged, nibbling at bonbons, and slinking along behind court ballerinas, a *lorgnon* in his feeble hand;" and he adds that there is little truth in this picture. Dr. Mann himself has made it possible for us to recover the real Gentz. He has written a fascinating biography. The book is not documented, but is is obviously based on great knowledge and research. A new Gentz emerges from its pages and there can be no doubt that this time it is the real Gentz.

He was one of the most complicated of characters. There was one part of him curiously like Boswell: the same naive sensuality and egoism, the same habit of naively recording it. Like Boswell too the naiveté is shot through with shrewdness, sensitiveness, and remarkable quickness of intelligence. But the strangest thing about Gentz is that with this Boswellian foundation he combined a superstructure of great speculative and practical intelligence. It is as though something of Burke's mind and Pitt's genius for affairs had been mixed into Boswell's brain. He was born a Prussian, with French blood on his mother's side. In his youth he was sent by his father, a government official, to Königsberg to study under the great Kant, and Gentz's powerful and subtle mind was permanently and profoundly affected by the philosopher's teaching. Kant taught him to think not, as the practical politician or statesman habitually does, on the surface of events but in the depths of human history. This habit made him often appear to his contemporaries wrongheaded, inconsistent, a man with a fanatical bee in his bonnet; but it accounts too for his remarkable understanding of the welter of tremendous events in which he was living, his contempt for "the great statesmen" with whom he worked as a subordinate, his final stage of profound disillusion to which experience brought him. "I know *everything*;" he wrote to the woman who loved him all her life and whom he treated abominably, "no one in the world is acquainted with so much contemporary history as I. . . " It was not the boast of a vain man, but the sober truth. And the result was, as he said, that he had also "become familiar with the defects, delusions, and vanities in virtually everything that from a distance seems meritorious or imposing; so much so, indeed, that I am no longer susceptible to illusion. When one has reached this condition one can no longer exert a wholesome influence on the public." It requires extraordinary understanding of history, human beings, and oneself to reach such a grim conclusion. In consequence the "great men" among whom he moved in the ballrooms and dining rooms at Vienna were deceived by the mask of the frivolous, licentious old diplomatist and history inherited the deception. What went on behind the mask can be seen in his diaries, for instance in this entry which he jotted down after a party which he had given to the most select of the great men. "I contributed almost nothing to the conversation. Metternich and Talleyrand went on in their usual way. Meanwhile, I was overcome as never before by the futility of all human endeavour and the foibles of those who hold the world in their hands, as well as by my own superiority; but all this half-unconsciously, and as though lost in a fog that descended on my mind from the empty twaddle of these gentlemen."

The matter of fact phrase about his own superiority is characteristic and significant. It is not the utterance of envy in a small, unsuccessful man; Gentz at the time was at the height of his powers and success. It was the sober judgment of a cynical and disillusioned man, a man whose personal ambitions had been satisfied, but who saw all his hopes of a sane and prosperous Europe ruined by stupidity and futility of human beings. And again it was largely a true judgment. Gentz, like every one else, was sometimes wrong in his view of political events, but it is astonishing how often he was right when practically all the others, including the great statesmen, were wrong. For instance, he foresaw the real menace in Napoleon long before the rest of Europe and fought a solitary battle against the policy of appeasement, only to see his own policy adopted when it was too late. He was almost alone in insisting that the universal belief that war could not be carried on without money was absurd—and it has taken a hundred and fifty years and two more great wars to convince people that he was right. His views on how to make a lasting peace after a long war and on such a subject as reparations were far ahead of his times, or for that matter of our times, and the world might be a better place today if "the foibles of those who hold the world in their hands" had allowed them to listen to his advice. And he had that rarest of all gifts in a statesman, the ability to understand, not only his own opinions and policy—few statesmen attain even that—but those of his opponents, and to see them in relation both to the course of immediate events and to the great currents of history.

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BASIL BLACKWELL

LLEWELYN POWYS AND W. H. HUDSON

The Life of Llewelyn Powys. By MALCOLM ELWIN. *The Bodley Head.* 15s.

W. H. Hudson. The Vision of Earth. By ROBERT HAMILTON. *J. M. Dent.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Elwin's *Life of Llewelyn Powys* is very well done. It is a straightforward biography made from abundant material. I find it an extraordinarily exciting book, but I have to confess that I am under the spell of all Powyses, and especially of Llewelyn, who was of all men the most vivid, compelling and exciting person any young man could be privileged to call a friend. He was born in Dorchester of the stock of Donne and Cowper and the Welsh royal line, the eighth of that family of eleven. They moved a year later, in 1885, to the Rectory of the daemonic village of Montacute, where followed a family life of the most intense relationships and all those blissful country pursuits that were available to the not very poor. Llewelyn was the most charming and most beautiful of them all. At four he was "so excited at being alive" that his mother had to be called to stop him jumping up and down and repeating "Happy me! Happy me!" This pleasure in the life of the moment was the basis of his philosophy. "For he was Epicurus' owne son" in a more accurate sense than Chaucer's Franklin in that he became the foremost exponent of Epicurean philosophy. When he was very ill in 1935 and had come into the public eye through being found guilty of libel in his quixotic championship of some unhappy children, he wrote:

> I have always believed that man's real capital lies not in money or social eminence, but in the power his body possesses for responding to every experience of life. One hair of my beard is more dear to me than all the money that can be exacted from me. However, on the two occasions when my disorder has brought death alarmingly near, I learned that the senses in such hours of extremity are not to be trusted. They will all become panic-stricken, as though they were a bevy of over-sensitive girls required against their wills to be present at a tragedy. In such a crisis it is the haughty mind that we must call up to steady these five cowardly slaves who stand huddled together, inactive and forlorn. It is time then to consider the real facts of our case. We are shadows, one of a myriad ephemeral beings that have come mysteriously to knowledge on a rainbow planet that is tumbling through a physical universe of inconceivable dimensions. It is by the rarest chance that we have ever lived; and does it then become us to grudge when the hour arrives for us to walk the way of nature? Surely to look at the sunlight for the last time should be an occasion for the trembling of our marrow-bones with gratitude. We should bring back to memory the story of our life's experience, its sorrows, its loves, and all the living poetry of our fugitive days. Never for a moment should we allow regrets or remorse to poison our minds. In the grave all will be quits. It was in our nature to act as we have acted. We rely implicitly on the teaching of Epicurus, though it is wise to modify its classical austerity with the fresh dew of natural goodness, of natural heathen compassion. We may disregard the greater part of conventional morality. It has been my experience that gross wickedness has usually been supported by the cowardly acquiescences of a correct society. . . . The real sins of life are two only—stupidity and cruelty; and against these, without hope of reward, war should for ever be waged by every magnanimous and well-descended spirit.

A liberal, and most of all a *person*, he had an aristocratic dislike for fashion: he used words allusively and evocatively in a prose that was stamped in every line with himself, but echoed the cadences of the seventeenth century. Though admiring certain elegances of urban civilisation (Proust was his favourite novelist) he had such a hatred for everything that is sham or shallow or refined, associating these qualities with the town-bred; and he had so passionate a patriotism for the counties of Dorset and Somerset, writing of their scenes and seasons and inhabitants with such brilliant evocation, that it was possible for the indifferent critic to write him off as a regional essayist. In fact he will be remembered as an effective philosopher who held that the purpose of philosophy is to make men happier, and as a literary critic who was able to make other people enjoy literature as much as he did. I believe that, of his thirty-two books, especially *Earth Memories*, *Dorset Essays*, *A Pagan's Pilgrimage* and *Love and Death* will always be read by those who like writing to be poetic, human, personal, racy and shrewd.

Apart from the importance of Llewelyn Powys as an author, his life was so full and varied in country, activity and encounter as to be worth a biography. This is a good one. Much of Llewelyn's charm emerges. He was a great giver of presents, keeping boxes of treasures for the purpose—a shell, a lion's claw, an ankh, a worked flint. When he visited the Holy Land to make sure that the supernatural was not real (I add here that I radically disagree with him) he brought back a bottle of water from Jacob's Well to present to the Chaldon shepherd. The old man seemed unimpressed, but later, when he was asked how he occupied his nights of lonely waiting in the lambing season, he took from his pocket a copy of St. John's Gospel, and said, "I do read in here about this well what I do have the water of tucked safe away by Mother in back of cupboard."

Mr. Hamilton's book is a workmanlike but rather brief study of W. H. Hudson's life and work. The biography is as unprying and reticent as Hudson would have wished. This makes it rather dull. Still, we get an interesting picture of the great naturalist dividing most of his time between 40 St. Luke's Road, Bayswater, and North Parade, Penzance, but diving sometimes into the country, sometimes into his memories of South America, for communings with nature. These, expressed in a craftsman's prose of cumulative power, and backed by real passion and that "spiritualisation of the senses" which the English have always specially liked, have done more than the work of any other writer of prose to recover and to enhance the Englishman's understanding of nature.

As a critic of Hudson's thought, Mr. Hamilton is inclined to patronise from a theological point of view: Hudson did as well as could be expected considering that his faith had been undermined by Darwin and the diet of the ichneumon fly. But I am over-simplifying an intelligent argument that perhaps gives too little force to grace, that burning oil that is renewed mysteriously and undeserved in pagan as in saint. The account of Hudson's books is so nicely done that it moved me to want to read the books I do not already know, and in fact to re-read my favourite *Shepherd's Life*, and to marvel how

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ANDREW WORDSWORTH

NEW NOVELS

Forlorn Sunset. By MICHAEL SADLEIR. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Gold Falcon. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Member of the Wedding. By CARSON MCCULLERS. *Cresset Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Sweet Confusion. By NORMAN DENNY. *John Lane.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The novelist stands entirely alone, the solitary guide to a territory that only he can know until he has conducted tourists there. Few readers can have visited Mr. Sadleir's world of vice until *Fanny By Gaslight* carried them to it; and now Mr. Sadleir's *Forlorn Sunset* starts the excursion again, and this time it is even more harrowing. In *Forlorn Sunset* there are only villains, pimps, prostitutes, bars, desperation, murder and every known vice. There is nothing pretty; there are no chocolate éclairs for the indulgent, no sentiment; everything is stark, vivid, and painfully truthful. "There is a bit of Babylon and Pompeii in every city in every age, in every country," Mr. Sadleir seems to say as he introduces us to Lottie Heap, a servant girl who desires riches and sugar daddies instead of hard work and poverty.

The story is a somewhat mechanical whirring of wheels within wheels; and as each one revolves we are given a glimpse into a different aspect of the stews behind Waterloo Station. First there is the weak and ineffectual Paul Gladwin, whose father, John Gladwin, a pawnbroker, is murdered; here we are shown the exploitation of slum property at its worst. After John Gladwin's death Paul learns about how his father encouraged vice and crime for his own profit, through a strange religious society who, to their later embarrassment, learn that they have inherited these unsavoury dwellings.

From this point Mr. Sadleir's world deepens in intensity, but before conducting his tourists round the worst parts of it, he gives a lecture on the historical importance of the notorious Granby Street. After that, Hell is let loose, a Hell of prefabricated dialogue. A pimp whispers furtively: "Beg pardon, gents, but there's nice fresh greens far end of Grove Place. Last door but one on left. Ask for Daisy. Not many of them working this time o' day, but Daisy's the ticket. Tell her Slippy sent ye, and I wager ye won't regret it." Then Lottie Heap, a young girl, runs across the street, shrieking enough to chill the visitor's marrow, chased by a "scrawny virago . . . brandishing a crop": Lottie has escaped from an establishment which rears kidnapped children in the ways of immorality.

There is little hope for any of Mr. Sadleir's characters; they are all tied to their Dantesque stratas of hell, doomed to the viciousness they were bred in, without escape; they struggle in the putrescent darkness of mean streets under a sky as lurid and as heavy as their despair. The squeamish tourist, who by this time is panting to say: "Oh, but it's only make-believe; it's *only* a *novel*," will be told that some of the narrative is based on actual episodes; he will also be reminded that these things went on only fifty years ago—during our period of greatest prosperity.

Mr. Williamson's world in the *Gold Falcon*, a revised version of a novel published in the Thirties, is an entirely different affair. The material—one imagines—is autobiographical, and the picture of a young and highly introspective poet back from the First World War (which proved a little too much for his sensitiveness) is internal more than external. The only drama is an internal one going on inside Manfred's mind; he suffers from a spiritual malaise which he tries to cure by crossing the Atlantic and seeking refuge, and a cure, in the New World. But New York is not the best of places to cure psychological disorders, nor does it offer much rest to the weary; consequently Manfred finds himself more engulfed by his loneliness than in England: he tries various escapes which the city offers—parties, noise, music, a lecture to women on English literature, drink, and emotion, but none of them does more than increase the violence of his introspection. The book is beautifully and painstakingly written by an author who is very self-consciously an artist.

American writers are nowadays seldom influenced by their English equivalents. People like Hemingway and Faulkner, John O'Hara and Dorothy Parker have forged a style of expression which appears entirely uninhibited and vital, the crudeness of which has not been smoothed down by civilisation, but in comparison to this exuberance so much English writing looks fossilised. Yet one writer, Carson McCullers, has followed her English counterparts pretty closely. Her second novel, *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, was little more than a restatement of the attitude expressed by D. H. Lawrence in *The Prussian Officer*, with a dash of sadism thrown in for good measure. It was a lush, literary description of American life.

In her new book, *The Member of the Wedding*, Miss McCullers throws away D. H. Lawrence's spectacles and tries another pair, this time those of Coleridge. The story is about a young American girl aged twelve (though at times it is difficult to believe that she is not forty) called Frankie Addams, who grows up in a strange and overheated atmosphere of sexual discovery. When John Henry, a boy friend of six years old, gravely comes to spend the week-end with her, carrying a little bag, one feels at once that the novel is a parody of human relationships, though this is obviously not Miss McCullers' intention.

One has learnt to expect anything in the way of precocious children from America, but Frankie Addams is surely the strangest little monster who ever opened her eyes to a bottle of coca-cola. Her whole life becomes centred round her brother's wedding, an event of appalling significance to Frankie Addams, who instinctively feels it to be an adult rite which, if she attends it, will hold for her the mystery of life. Up to this point one half-believes in Frankie as a credible character; but when she goes into the town: "dressed carefully that morning in her gown and best, the pink organdie . . . lipstick and Sweet Serenade" she loses all probability and becomes, instead, a female version of the *Ancient Mariner*. She goes about the town "stopping one in three"—a Portuguese bar-tender, a landlady cleaning her steps, a tractor man, and a red-haired soldier—and proceeds to tell these people about the wedding. One almost expects an albatross. What Miss McCullers is driving at is difficult to understand, and where she will end up is hard to say, but the impression this novel makes on the reader is best summed up in her own words:

> And so each gloomy afternoon their voices sawed against each other, singing the same words, which finally reminded Frankie of a ragged rhyme said by two crazies. . . . . .

Mr. Norman Denny is a comparative newcomer to this gallery of established writers. His first satirical novel, *The Serpent and the Dove*, aroused some attention; and now we are offered *Sweet Confusion*, a story with a 1938 setting. Descendants of the line of Isherwood and Evelyn Waugh are badly needed, but the indications are that Mr. Denny hasn't quite struggled free from their influence, though that he will do so there is little doubt. The confusion of the ominous year before the outbreak of war could hardly be called "sweet," unless Mr. Denny

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means it as a jibe, and the confusion of the characters involved—Paul Merrion, a liberal-minded publisher who is unwillingly made to officiate in the Ellingstone business firm, Mr. Horning, the Ellingstones themselves—is well expressed in a tight and astringent little narrative. It will be interesting to see what Mr. Denny will write next.

ROBIN KING

Week-end Competitions

No. 893

Set by W. R.

Six guineas are offered for part of a dialogue upon Olympus between the wanton gods about the torments they intend to inflict upon this country during the summer. Limit 200 words. Entries by April 15.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 890

Set by John Morton

American papers have reported that Scotland will soon leave the British Empire. The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a speech by either Mr. Churchill, Mr. Gallacher or Mrs. Mann on the Scottish Independence Bill. Length 200 words.

Report by John Morton

Who would have thought the Old Man had so much wind in him? Mr. Churchill's views may be open to criticism but an imitation or even a parody of his style should not be so full of words and empty of meaning as most of these contributions were. In the popularity poll Winston romped home, with both Mr. Gallacher and Mrs. Mann losing their deposits—in fact, there was only one entry that attempted to put on paper the immensity of Mr. Gallacher's joy at the opportunity of making Scotland a Socialist Soviet Republic.

What is the evidence that Mr. Churchill is so rabidly anti-Scottish? Entries in his name were filled with references to "this barbarous race" and "its uncivilised customs." The Rev. Robert Murray from Fife, makes Mr. Churchill say, "But Scotland would be led by a coterie of opinionated asses into a wilderness of thistles, fit nourishment for them, but not for a people who have given a bright immortal lustre to the British name."

Allan M. Laing and W. Stewart share four guineas. One guinea each to C. J. Galpin for the best piece of true Churchillian prose and W. H. Victory, who alone gave Mrs. Mann the last word.

MR. CHURCHILL ATTACKS THE SCOTTISH INDEPENDENCE BILL

. . . But, Mr. Speaker, although I and my friends will use every constitutional resource to defeat or, if that prove impossible in face of "the compact majority" (Opposition laughter), delay this further Gadarene drive towards the Empire's dissolution, I will not pretend to misunderstand Scotland's natural relief at the prospect of severing relations with the most incompetent Government within living memory (cheers and laughter). My honourable friend, the Member for High Peak, has referred to rats leaving a sinking ship. That seems a little unkind. If they are rats—I do not say they are—why blame them for feeling uncomfortable when they hear the captain's voice, above the steady gurgle of incoming waters, assuring the crew that the ship has always leaked, and it doesn't really matter? Moreover, this is a Government Bill, which means that the captain, unable to persuade the "rats" to remain, is pressing them to leave in style, and be piped over the side into the ship's ho. s, followed by the faint cheers of the crew, manni the pumps in the daily struggle to keep afloat (prolonged Opposition laughter). In such circumstances, the "rats" leave, if leave they do, without a stain on their characters. But, Mr. Speaker, sir . . .

ALLAN M. LAING

WINSTON TROUNCES THE GOVERNMENT

. . . This Bill is just one more verse of the Government's painful and lingering swan-song. That would be pleasant hearing for the country if it did not also mean one more nail in the Empire coffin. That kind of nail, by the way, is the only one this Government seems able to hit on the head. Bullied and humiliated like the domestic staff of a Victorian millowner, our Dominions, Colonies and Dependencies are forsaking us one by one. Egypt has already left to better herself; India is under notice; Eire is contemplating a moonlight flit; and now Scotland, with mock curtsies, asks leave to set up a rival establishment. Unless this Ministry is promptly sent about its business (if it has any business!) we shall soon see Northern Ireland keeping company with the policeman over the border; Canada will be applying for the position of butler to the United States; while Australia and New Zealand will put up the banns and retire from domestic service altogether. Great—alas! once Great!—Britain will be left to keep house with a staff of mutinous half-castes, constantly interrupting Governmental high jinks in the parlour with ever-increasing demands for higher wages and more days off. Seriously, Mr. Speaker . . .

W. STEWART

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, SPEAKING ON THE SCOTTISH INDEPENDENCE BILL

I see us driving on, without respite, without reprieve, from disruption to disruption, as if the atoms constituting the present Government, too hastily conglomerated in too great abundance, were by some monstrous nuclear fission fearfully and uncontrollably bombinating among themselves, throwing off great masses of His Majesty's subjects, until this Chamber, that once heard empires speak, dwindles into the dusty tabernacle of a parish vestry.

If neither the Palace nor the Statute of Westminster appease the ambitions of Scottish members; if they would disown the ties of blood—aye, and of treasure—expunge this ancient union, three and a half centuries of faith and friendship, consecrated on many a desperate field; if they aspire to see the clansmen converging with pibroch and pennon to create, out of philosophy and the Fiery Cross, a model senate under an amenable president or disinterred Pretender, and the world's ambassadors congregating in the hardy temperatures of their historic castles—then, I say, rouse not the ghosts on Hadrian's mouldered battlement! Be still, you echoes of old wrongs and honourable feuds! Let Elizabeth Windsor reign in Tudor's golden realm; and Caledonia teach her generations, "Those are the British, of whom I was once a mighty part."

C. J. GALPIN

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH BY MRS. MANN ON THE SCOTTISH INDEPENDENCE BILL

"And to those honourable members opposite who, with an assumption of lordly superiority, have expressed doleful doubts as to the success of, or even descended to ironical sympathy with, our efforts to run Scotland on our own, I would say this. We shall call, and attract, all our chiels back hame. And when your Sassenach cabinets have been weakened by the withdrawal of their finest brains, when your commerce and industry have been denuded of the vast majority of their managing directors and general managers, when hundreds of your ships are laid up through dearth of qualified chief engineers, your hard-working people are without the opportunity of clothing themselves on credit and paying therefore by fortnightly instalments, and your thousands of havering, feckless loons are deprived of fifty per cent. of their facilities for urgent temporary financial aid on the security of their overcoats of bits of jewellery—then you will begin to understand, that so far from there being any doubts as to our ability to run our country, you will soon be supplicating us to return and rehabilitate this former Eden, this lack-lustre precious stone, this woe-begone realm, this England!" (Loud and prolonged cheers from Scottish Members.)

W. H. VICTORY

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Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Delegacy invite applics. for post of Senior Lecturer in Teaching of English as a Foreign Language from men/women with good academic qualifics. and exp. of teaching it abroad. Salary on scale £750-£30-£1,000 with membership of F.S.S.U. Applics. should be sent to Secretary, Institute of Educ., Malet St., W.C.1, by May 1.

H.M. Colonial Service. Applics. invited from qualified male candidates for following vacancies in Depart. of Broadcasting, Malaya: (1) Programme Assistant (Schools). Duties: To prepare and transmit educational programmes and assist Deputy Director of Broadcasting (Schools). Candidates should hold Univ. Degree in Geography/History, have good broadcasting voice. Appointment on agreement for 3 yrs. in 1st instance. Sal. $400 per month rising by annual increments of $25 to $800 p.m. (equal to £500×£35 to £1,120). Starting sal. according to exp. (2) Programme Assistant (Schools). Duties: As for (1). Candidates should have exp. of radio/dramatic production and knowledge of music, and good broadcasting voice. Sal. and terms of appointment as for (1). Free passages, free quarters, temporary cost-of-living allowance up to £154 p.a. for single and £224 p.a. for married officers. Variable children's allowance. Outfit allowance £60. Write, stating age, whether married/single, with full partics. of qualifics., to Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), 15 Victoria St. London, S.W.1.

UNIV. of Liverpool. Applics. invited from Univ. Graduates with relevant exp. for appointment as Asst. Librarian, Grade B, at salary scale of £500/£25/£625 p.a. Duties are mainly those incident to the acquisition of books by gift, purchase and exchange. Applics., accompanied by copies of testimonials and by names of refs. if desired, should be received by April 12, 1947, by Stanley Dumbell, Registrar, from whom further partics. of conditions of appointment may be obtained.

HOMERTON College, Cambridge. Reqd. in September, Lecturer in Education to assist in training of students for nursery and infant work. Nursery exp. essential. Further particulars from Secretary.

THE Queen's Univ. of Belfast. Lectureship in Law. The Senate will shortly proceed to appoint a Lecturer in Law. The salary attached to the Office is £625 p.a., rising by annual increments of £25 to £800, but an appointment may be made at a salary between £625 and £800 depending on qualifics. and exp. of successful candidate. The Office carries with it contributory pension rights under the F.S.S.U. Teaching staff of Faculty consists of 2 Professors, 2 Lecturers, one part-time Lecturer. Further partics. from Richard H. Hunter, Secy.

APPLICATIONS for post of full-time secretary for the British-Soviet Society are invited. Salary £416 p.a. Applicants should write stating qualifics. to British-Soviet Society, 15 Devonshire St. London, W.1.

APPEALS Secretary wanted by National Committee about to launch a campaign to raise £250,000 to improve conditions for young children. Only persons with the highest qualifics. and best previous exp. need apply. Appointment will be for one year. Apply, giving full details, and enclosing copies of testimonials and names of refs., to Box 6072.

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Appointments Vacant—continued

UNIV. of London. Staff Tutors reqd. for Tutorial Classes Ctee. Applics. invited from men and women with exp. in conducting Tutorial Classes and with high academic qualifics., pref. in one or more of follg. subjects: Economics, Politics, History, Psychology, Philosophy, Literature, Music and Science. Salary £600-£25-£850 (also Family Allowances). Partics. from Director of Dept. of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1. Applics. should be made as soon as possible.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Council invites applics. for post of Lecturer in Social Science. Salary £675 p.a., rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum salary of £750 p.a. Appointment will date from October 1. Further partics. from Registrar, Univ. Coll. of Swansea, Singleton Park, by whom applics. must be recd. by Apr. 26.

NATIONAL Library of Scotland. Applics invited for permanent and pensionable post of Assistant. Candidates must be British subjects. Age 22 to 33 on August 1. In general, a 1st/2nd Class Hons. degree in English, Classics, History or Languages is reqd. Salary (incl. consolidated addition) is at present £353, rising by annual increments to £665 for men and £338 rising to £532 for women, but is under review. Applics., with copies of two recent testims., should be lodged with Librarian by April 30. Further partics. and forms of application from Librarian, National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh, or from Chief Officer, Civil Service Commission, at following addresses: (India) 10 Underhill Lane, Delhi; (Egypt) 8 Sharia Tolumbat, Cairo; (Germany) c/o 2nd Echelon, G.H.Q., B.A.O.R.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applics. invited for post of Staff Tutor for Adult Educ. Candidates should be qualified to offer at least two of following: Philosophy, Psychology, Econs., Political Theory, English Literature. Salary scale: £500-£750, with participation in F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme. Commencing salary according to qualifics. and exp. Further partics. from Registrar, to whom applics. should be forwarded before April 15.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applics. invited for following posts: Lecturers in Geography, Classics, Pure Maths., Organic Chemistry, Physics, and Assistant Lecturers in English language, in Classics, German and Chemistry. Salary scales: Lecturers, £500-£750; Assistant Lecturers, £450-£475. Commencing salary according to qualifics. and exp., with participation in F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme. Further partics. from Registrar, to whom applics. should be forwarded as soon as possible.

MINERS' Welfare Commission invites applics. for post of Clerical Officer (female) for Westminster office. Applicants must have gen. clerical and shorthand-typing exp. Sal. £152 at age 18, rising to £343 (e.g. £240 10s. at 25), entering at appropriate age. Successful applicant eligible for entry into Staff Pension Scheme after one year's satisfactory service. Applics. to be made on forms from Estab. Section, Miners' Welfare Commission, Ashley Court, Ashtead, Surrey.

COMMUNITY Associations Organiser reqd., Man or woman. To work with Local Federation of Community Associations and in co-operation with Local Education Authority. Initial salary £300/£350 according to qualifics. and exp. Full details (written requests only): Secy., Manchester and Salford Council of Social Service, Gaddum Hse. Queen St. Manchester, 2. Closing date April 21.

Appointments Vacant—continued

L.C.C. Required at Bowden House Residential School (for Educationally Sub-Normal Girls), nr. Seaford, Sussex, qualified res. mistresses. Additional qualifics. in handwork and ability to play piano desirable. Burnham scale sal. plus 2 increments carried beyond the max. Emoluments of board, lodging, washing, medical attendance in consideration of supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hrs. and at week-ends. School will open during Spring of this year, when pupils will be transferred from other premises. Applic. forms (s.a.e. nec.) from Educ. Officer (S.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable within 10 days. (610.)

L.C.C. Physiotherapist (woman) reqd. at Cane Hill Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), Coulsdon, Surrey. Must be regd. with Chartered Society of Physiotherapy. Sal. in accord. with recommendations of Joint Negotiating Committee on Sals. and Wages (Hospital Staffs), £300, rising to £360 p.a. (scale under review). Commencing sal. according to exp. For applic. form, returnable within 10 days, send s.a.e. (foolscap) to M.O.H. (I), Public Health Dept., Mental Health Services, County Hall, Westminster Bdge. S.E.1. (577.)

PLYMOUTH Educ. Ctee. Children's Home, Devonport, Plymouth. A Children's Attendant is reqd. for Children's Home at Astor Hall, Stoke, Devonport, Plymouth, maintained by Plymouth Educ. Ctee. acting as agents of the Social Welfare Ctee. Salary for resident appointment is £2 13s. per week, plus full residence; for non-res. service, salary will be £3 16s. per week. Copy of full conditions and applic. form obtainable from Andrew Scotland, Director of Education, Education Offices, Cobourg St. Plymouth.

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EX-Servicewoman, good educ., several yrs.' exp. in archives of large film companies and social welfare institutions, sks. work where this may be an asset, i.e. as research worker in newspaper library. Box 5660.

YOUNG man, aged 24, Arts grad. Cambs., some prev. scientific training, slight exp. teaching and admin., sks. perm. post in worthwhile organisation with genuine prospects and appreciation of individual values. Box 5991.

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